The Literary Digest

NEW YORK, AUGUST 17, 1935

TOPICS OF THE DAY

ROOSEVELT'S RHODE ISLAND REVERSAL—Biggest Political Sensation From Smallest State: Voters Turn Down New Deal in Congressional Election and Bond Referendum

Rhode Island, smallest of the forty-eight States, last week produced the biggest political sensation since the Democratic landslide of 1934.

All over the country, politicians, editors, and ordinary citizens blinked and sat bolt upright when they read the returns from Rhode Island's First Congressional District, where a special election was held to fill a vacated seat in the lower House of Congress.

In 1934, a Democrat, Francis B. Condon, carried that district by 21,000 votes. Last week a Republican, Charles Francis Risk, relentless foe of Roosevelt policies, carried it by 13,000 votes—a turnover of 34,000. That is the startling story in a nutshell.

"To call it an upset," said the Boston *Evening Transcript* (Ind.-Rep.), "is to use too mild a phrase. It is a change in popular sentiment of genuinely revolutionary proportions."

Cross-Section

Revolutionary or not, it will be discussed and debated for many a month to come.

Slice Rhode Island down the middle from north to south. The eastern half, roughly, will represent the First District (see map). But the District is more than a cross-section of Rhode Island. To a large extent, it is a cross-section of New England also, if not of the industrial East, generally.

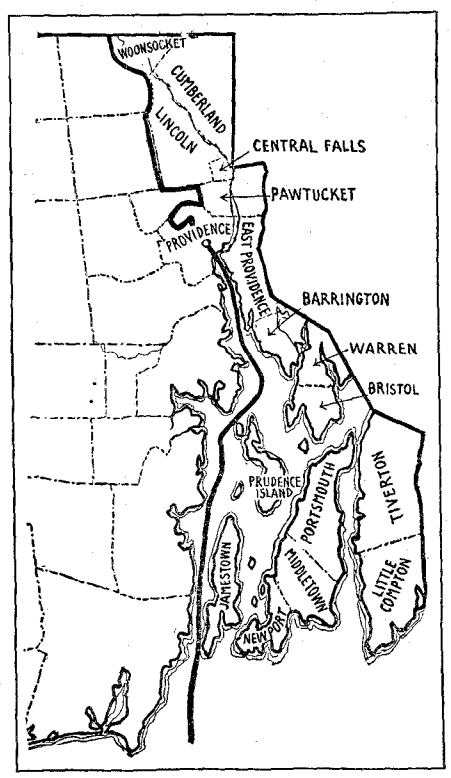
All classes of citizens live in the First District, and they follow all manner of occupations — dowagers and dole-recipients, farmers and factory-workers, householders and tenement-dwellers. Newport, with its luxurious social colony, sits at its southern tip; Woonsocket, the mill-town, bounds it on the north.

"The District, tho chiefly industrial, is a typical combination of industrial and agricultural communities," Theodore C. Wallen wrote from Providence to the New York *Herald Tribune* (Ind.-Rep.).

"It is dominated by textile-workers, and one section of it, the city of Woonsocket, on the northern border, was the scene of wild rioting during the textile-strike.

"Included in the District are large sections of Americans of Colonial; of French-Canadian, as in the case of the Democratic Congressional candidate; of Italian and Portuguese ancestry.

"It made no difference. All sections alike showed the same positive trend away from the New Deal.



Providence *Journal*

East of the heavy line is the First Congressional District of Rhode Island, which brought joy to the Republican Party

"The uniformity of the Republican landslide," he declared, "in districts of all descriptions, residential and laboring, rural and urban, farming and industrial, suggested the same 'something in the air'—the same sense of protest which brought on the Democratic landslide three years ago."

Campaigner

Up and down the First Rhode Island District went Mr. Risk, campaigning against the New Deal in general and the AAA processing-tax on cotton in particular.

He is a young man—thirty-seven—of dark complexion and medium stature. A native of Central Falls, at the age of fourteen he went to work in the thread-mills of near-by Pawtucket, second largest city in the State. During the War, he served as instructor in a non-commissioned officers' training-camp. Later, he worked in the Treasury Department at Washington while winning honors at Georgetown University.

Eventually he became a law-partner of ex-Representative Condon, the successful Democratic candidate last year, and a minor court judge. He is of Irish-American parentage.

The fact that he had been State Commander of the American Legion may have proved an asset. He came out squarely for immediate payment of veterans' bonus certificates.

Principally, however, he denounced the processing-tax under which Rhode Island mills are restless and uncomfortable, and which, he said, is closing many of them down.

The processing-tax, he declared over and over again, "has taken nearly $5,000,000 from our manufacturers, and only returned $4,458 to our hog-raisers."

Opponent's Slogan

His opponent was Antonio Prince, General Treasurer of the State, who campaigned as an out-and-out New Dealer under the slogan: "Shall it be back to Hoover or forward with Roosevelt?" A native of Canada, he was a member of the Royal Flying Corps during the War, but is lukewarm on the bonus.

Among his assets were, first, the fact that he is a Democrat in a District which had gone Democratic only nine months before, and, second, the fact that, like roughly a quarter of the District's inhabitants, he is a French-Canadian. He still speaks with a pronounced French accent.

He had, however, one liability: The Democratic Party had been weakened by factional fights in both Pawtucket and Woonsocket, largest cities in the District.

Neither candidate dwelt on local issues. First and last, it was a fight for and against the New Deal.

This, primarily, accounts for the jubilation of Republicans all over the country.

"It is the beginning of the end of the New Deal," declared Bertrand H. Snell, Republican leader in the House of Representatives.

And to Senator Charles L. McNary, Republican leader in the Senate, the results "strongly indicate a Republican triumph in 1936."

Other prominent Republicans are similarly elated.

On the other hand, James A. Farley, Chairman of the Democratic National Committee, called the Republican victory

THE LITERARY DIGEST is published weekly by Funk & Wagnalls Company. WILFRED J. FUNK, *President;* ROBERT J. CUDDIHY, *Vice-President and Treasurer;* WILLIAM NEISEL, *Secretary;* 354-360 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y. London Office, 14 Salisbury Square. Printed in the U. S. A. Entered as second-class matter, March 24, 1890, at the Post-Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Entered as second-class matter at the Post-Office Department, Ottawa, Canada. Volume 120, Number 7. Whole Number 2365. Subscription Price $4.00 a year. Copyright, 1935, by Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York.

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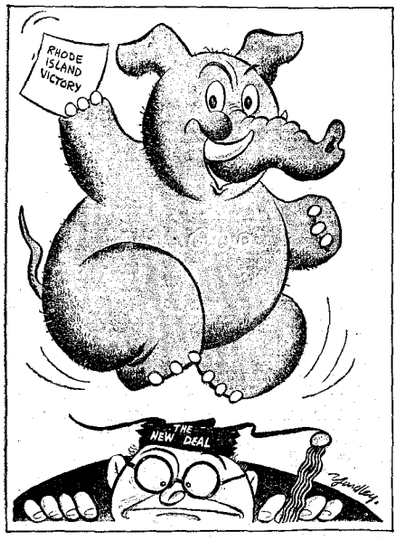


Reports of My Death Have Been Greatly Exaggerated

—*Yardley in the Baltimore* Sun

unimportant. "President Roosevelt would carry Rhode Island to-day," he said.

And Joseph W. Byrns, Democratic Speaker of the House, does not believe that what happened in Rhode Island affords any criterion of what might happen in the rest of the country.

Yet many Democrats fail to share the disposition to poohpooh the First District election results. Among them is Peter G. Gerry, Democratic Senator from Rhode Island, who, like Jesse H. Metcalf, the Republican Senator, had hurried home from Washington to participate in the battle.

Factors in Victory

"The overwhelming Republican victory is a solemn warning to President Roosevelt that the present trend of his policies does not meet with the approval of the electorate," said the Providence *News-Tribune* (Dem.), which is owned by Senator Gerry.

"The results in Rhode Island must be taken as an indication of the sentiment prevailing, at least, throughout the East. In effect, Rhode Island has told President Roosevelt to go more slowly."

The Providence *Journal* (Ind.) lists the factors which, it feels, account for the Republican triumph:

"The specious philosophy of the 'brain trust,' the destructive processing-tax in particular, the un-American regimentation of American industry, the far-reaching Socialistic plans of the Administration's faddist advisers, the soak-the-taxpayer policy parading under a deceptive soak-the-rich slogan, the dangerous concentration of authority in the Executive Branch at Washington, the tremendous increase in the Federal bureaucracy, the unprecedented peace-time upset of the historic check-and-balance system of the framers of the Constitution, the vast expansion of the national debt, the failure to balance the national budget, the reckless extravagance in the appropriation of the people's money"—all these, it says, had their share in the overturn.

"Rhode Island repudiates the New Deal that sacrifices it," the Newport *News* (Ind.) declared, while other Rhode Island newspapers, notably the Woonsocket *Call* (Ind.) and the Pawtucket *Times* (Ind.) declared that it also repudiates the Democratic State organization led by Gov. Theodore Francis Green.

Many aspects of the Rhode Island election helped to make it a red-hot topic from Coast to Coast.

First, there was the fact that this was the first official test of the popularity of the New Deal since last November's elections.

Secondly, the Democrats had carried this First Rhode Island District in 1932—by 15,000 votes—as well as in 1934.

Thirdly, more than half of the 17,000 persons in the State on relief-rolls live in the District, and, some observers believed, were certain to plump for the New Deal, tho the opposite side was also argued—that the relief-workers would resent the very fact of their being on relief and not in regular jobs.

Finally, the Rhode Island voters selected carefully among proposed bond issues, indorsing issues for direct relief of unemployment and for State institutions, rejecting another for beach and park projects with the Federal Government assuming 45 per cent. of the cost.

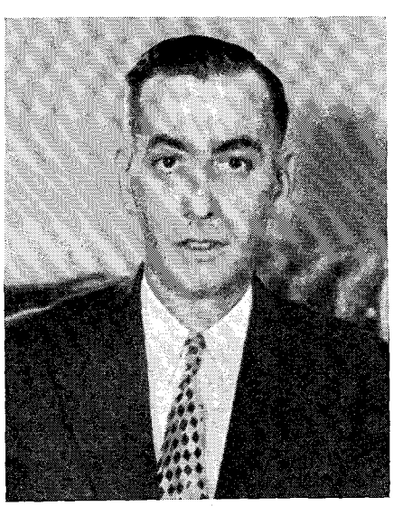
Editorials

The hundreds of newspaper editorials produced by the election results discussed all these aspects in detail, tho they dwelt, of course, on the national significance of the Congressional election itself.

Not all newspaper editors were bowled over by the outcome.

The Memphis *Commercial Appeal* (Dem.) believed that it "reflects the Rhode Island attitude, nothing more."

And the Los Angeles *Illustrated Daily News* (Ind.) remarked that "if the Democrats had celebrated the election of a Democratic Congressman in Mississippi in the middle of the Harding régime as indicating a turn in the national tide it would have been no more fantastic than the present excitement in the Republican camp."



Wide World

Charles F. Risk, who became famous overnight by turning in a Republican victory in Rhode Island

"Go South and West, Young Man, Go South and West"

—*Batchelor in the New York* Daily News

The Hartford *Courant* (Rep.), however, believed that Rhode Island voters "have snapped out a warning flag."

"It seems to corroborate other evidence of a growing hostility to the New Deal," said the Baltimore *Sun* (Ind.-Dem.).

In the opinion of the New York *American* (Ind.), a Hearst newspaper, "the America of George Washington, Thomas Jefferson and Abraham Lincoln arose and delivered a smashing blow between the eyes of the proposed Socialistic America of Roosevelt, Wallace, Tugwell, and Frankfurter."

And, finally, the Boston *Herald* (Rep.) declared: "The Republican majority was so large that it raises the question whether the President is not doomed already, regardless of what he may do to repair the damage he has caused."

Political Developments

Other political developments elsewhere in the country were the following:

In Mississippi, a second primary on August 27 appeared likely to decide the Gubernatorial nomination fight between two Democrats, Hugh L. White, Columbia lumberman, and Paul B. Johnson, Hattiesburg lawyer. In an unofficial count, Johnson, credited with having the support of Senator Huey P. Long, polled 110,207 votes, White 109,265.

In Kentucky, Thomas S. Rhea of Russellville, continued to increase his lead over Lieut. Gov. A. B. Chandler for the Democratic nomination for Governor. Because Rhea failed to get 51 per cent. of the votes, a run-off primary was held certain.

In Virginia, Hill Montague, a member of the State Senate from Richmond for a decade, demanded a recount in the Democratic primary, as a recheck of unofficial returns gave former Senator Morgan R. Mills a majority of only thirty-five votes.

In Chicago, the Central Western Republican organization, an outgrowth of the recent "Grass Roots" convention at Springfield, Illinois, decided to hold monthly meetings and wage a brisk G.O.P. fight.

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Henry Ford, *Jim James*, and Taxes

Robert H. Jackson, Spokesman for Administration Levies, Draws Attention to the National Symbol of Wealth; Press Replies and Puts in a Word for the Average Citizen

© International

Robert H. Jackson, who explained how the Ford estate would be affected by the proposed tax legislation

Many Americans would rather be Ford than President. To them Henry Ford typifies the national ideal. He was born on a farm. He tinkered with machinery as most boys do. He experimented in the kitchen-sink with "horseless-carriage" motors. He put his automobiles on every city street, and the most remote country roads.

To-day, Henry Ford's seventy-second year finds his wiry figure the symbol of riches and personal achievement. Wherever there is talk of wealth, his name is mentioned. Lately there has been much talk of wealth.

One day last week, Mr. Ford perched himself on a wood-pile to watch a Michigan threshing-bee. The same day, in Washington, Robert H. Jackson, Counsel for the Bureau of Internal Revenue, pulled a paper from the pocket of his white suit to show Senators who were threshing out new wealth-tax legislation that the Ford estate was "the worst example that could be chosen by those who seek to illustrate the hardship" of the proposed levies.

Object Lesson

Mr. Ford, in effect, had invited the Administration to use him as an object lesson.

"While sweltering legislators were discussing the pros and cons of equalizing wealth," S. J. Woolf, seeking an interview for *The New York Times Magazine* last month, had found Mr. Ford "undisturbed by the threat, busy moving the birthplace of our greatest song-writer to a site upon the Suwanee River, scratching out a tune on an old violin, or puzzling over some new mechanical gadget."

But the manufacturer did have this to say:

"Large fortunes do not continue to exist unless they are profitably employed. When I use the word profitably I use it in the true sense. Comparatively few of the large fortunes which have been inherited have remained long in the possession of the heirs. Those that have were bequeathed to people who knew how to work and how to share their wealth.

"What would people who propose to share the wealth do with an organization such as ours? Should the machinery be confiscated and divided among those who have no machinery, or should the plant be taken over and run by a bunch of theorists and politicians? How long do you think it would last under such conditions? Not one proposer of this share-the-wealth idea has taken the trouble to explain how an organization such as ours might be taken over and divided and still remain a source of national wealth."

But Robert Houghwout Jackson, a self-styled country-lawyer from Jamestown, New York, who drops his jovial manner when he begins to bait the rich, was an exception. He did take the trouble to explain.

"Nobody ever selected more formidable foes," the New York *World-Telegram* (Ind.) said of him. "He began with Andrew W. Mellon, who, he says, owes the Government $3,075,103 in back taxes. He continued with Frank J. Hogan (Washington attorney), who has probably extricated more rich men from the law than any other attorney in the United States. Finally, he worked up to a drive against the citadels of all concentrated wealth, a drive such as Washington has not before witnessed from a government official."

Estimation

Estimating the Ford estate at $600,000,000, Mr. Jackson told the Senators that Edsel B. Ford already had received from his father an interest in the Ford Motor Company now worth $246,000,000.

"An estate of $354,000,000, the balance-sheet value of the remaining 59 per cent. which we will assume Mr. Ford still owns, is abnormal by any test we know," he added, concluding that "the utmost to be anticipated" in the collection of taxes would be "that some part of the equity now represented by the common stock would be sold to other interests or the public."

"Why should Henry and Edsel Ford continue to work in the automobile business when they know that at the elder's death the Government will take over their plants for taxes?" Henry D. Ralph asked in the Chicago *Journal of Commerce* (Ind.). "Why not close up shop now, discharge their employees, let their plants stand idle, and spend the rest of their lives eating up the capital?"

Calling President Roosevelt a billionaire because "he is the only man in the world who has billions to spend as he sees fit," *The Saturday Evening Post* held that "the essential difference between the two billionaires is that Henry Ford creates and adds to the wealth of America and President Roosevelt taxes and takes away from it."

Wide World

Henry Ford: "Should machinery be confiscated and divided among those who have no machinery?"

On the Left, the cry was that he was not taking away enough.

"Love-taps," said the Communist *Daily Worker* of the proposed new wealth-taxes, citing "all sorts of loopholes that let the rich and the corporations—who have developed tax-evasion to an art—get away with murder."

"The amazing part of this comedy," John T. Flynn remarked in *The New Republic*, "is that the Administration leaders in the Senate bitterly criticize the whole thing because it has gone far beyond what the President suggested. It has indeed—far beyond—which will show how little the President really wanted to do."

Pummeling

Newspapers of all political hues, many of which have been behind him otherwise, kept on pummeling the President's program. The outspoken New York *Daily News* (Ind.) offered one explanation which others ignored.

"We suppose it is an example of what Socialists call economic determinism," it said. "This theory is that a man's economic position in life shapes his thinking about life and the world; and that he persuades himself that what is to his best interest is necessarily to the best interest of the society he lives in.

"The great majority of our big and middle-size city newspapers are owned by wealthy men. . . .

"President Roosevelt is proceeding to whittle down some of the larger fortunes

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of this country, in the hope that by doing so he can increase the general welfare of the masses of the people. . . .

"The dilemma into which this state of affairs throws the nation's wealthy newspaper owners—and magazine owners—is either painful or amusing, depending on whether your economic position in life makes you sympathize with or dislike wealthy people."

Sympathy

Sympathy with the wealthy dominated the last day of the Senate hearings. Senator Arthur H. Vandenberg, of Michigan, brought in Mr. Ford's name again, with the warning that the House program would wreck the Ford Motor Company, an efficiently operated enterprise. The Senators began to draft their bill—without having heard a word from *Jim James*, Cincinnati suburbanite, who earns $65 a week.

There is no *Jim James* listed in the Cincinnati City Directory. Created by *The Enquirer* (Dem.) of that city for illustration in a series of articles on taxation, he is a personification of the familiar cartoon-figure, *Mr. John Q. Public*.

"With a wife and one child less than sixteen years old, *Jim* must march up to the office of the Collector of Internal Revenue and part with $13.28," *The Enquirer* reported. "Perhaps when he does it he thinks that this is a small sum for the privilege of living in the United States of America. But if *Jim* watches his expenditures closely, he finds that this is only the beginning of the contribution he makes to the Federal Government."

Jim James owns his home, a radio, a refrigerator, and an automobile. He buys drinks, cigarettes, tires and gasoline, perfume, soap and toothpaste. He pays for club-membership, a safety-deposit box and telephone-calls. Through these items, and through processing-taxes on other purchases, the Federal Government adds $81.99 to his budget. Permits, licenses and other fees and duties are passed on to collect for city and State another $277.46.

"Studying the list, *Jim James* is convinced that his total tax-bill, which he thought consisted only of real estate and income taxes, runs well up over $500," *The Enquirer* concluded.

Revision

Some of the *Jim Jameses* of Cincinnati, Boston, and San Francisco sympathize with Henry Ford. Some dislike him and his riches, and some simply envy him. But, until last Saturday, much of the furor must have seemed purely academic to them. For they had been reassured by Walter Lippmann, in his syndicated column, that Congress is voting taxes "which, at the present time, affect somewhere between two and three thousand taxpayers."

Elimination of the inheritance tax and broadening the base of the income tax to reach down into the $800 class for single persons—features of the report ready for the Senate on Monday—brought the bill nearer home. *Jim James* realized, however, and so did Henry Ford, that the drastic revisions had yet to face House conferees.

Utility-Baron in *Eliza* Rôle

Howard C. Hopson Eludes Horde of Process-Servers Bent on Bringing Him Before Lobby-Investigators; Hurley Infuriated

Washington took time out last week to chuckle at the spectacle of energetic, serious-faced agents, armed with subpenas and backed by the might and dignity of Senate and House, vainly chasing a fat man.

Bald, short, 230-pound Howard C. Hopson, head of the Associated Gas and Electric Company, preferred, at the moment, not to be questioned about lobbying against the Utility Holding-Company Bill, a campaign in which his company spent more than $700,000. Despite his rotundity, he proved as slippery as an eel as the rival groups of agents raced to nail him with a subpena.

When they reached the hotel where he had been, he no longer was there. Sought in other cities, he had flitted into Washington, stayed at the same hotel where members of the investigating committees live—and flitted out again.

Meanwhile, however, the bulky will-o'-the-wisp had sent word indirectly that he would be ready to face both Senate and House investigations "in a day or two."

In *Eliza* Rôle

"*Eliza* crossing the ice, hotly pursued by bloodhounds, had nothing on Howard C. Hopson," wrote Robert S. Allen, Washington Correspondent of the Philadelphia *Record* (Ind.). "Through the corridors of leading Washington hotels, over the rolling meadows of near-by Virginia, through the highways and byways of adjacent Maryland, a corps of Congressional agents, G men, police, and assorted sleuths sniffed excitedly on the trail of the elusive utility-baron."

On the same day that the two groups of subpena-servers hit the Hopson trail, after B. B. Robinson, Chicago utility-operator, had startled the House lobby committee by saying he had talked with Hopson the previous night, Patrick J. Hurley, Secretary of War in the Hoover Administration, entered the picture. Agents, seeking Hopson, visited the Hurley estate in Virginia, and Mr. Hurley exploded.

"I haven't seen the man," he said. "I am not his attorney, and Hopson has sworn under oath to that effect. It is really absurd the lengths to which they will go to hang something on me. It is the cheapest kind of political claptrap I ever heard of."

Next day the tall, slender, dapper Mr. Hurley appeared voluntarily before the Senate Lobby Investigating Committee, headed by Senator Hugo L. Black. Hardly had the questioning begun when he snatched off his shoe-stringed eye-glasses, rose from his chair, and demanded: "Why don't you ask if I've stopped beating my wife?" He was told to sit down. Again, he said: "I am a goldfish in a bowl, and you can see me from any angle."

Denying that he was, or had been, attorney for Mr. Hopson, he revealed, after a fiery set-to in which he charged the committee with playing politics, that his firm had received $100,000 from the Associated Gas and Electric Company in three years, $25,000 of it in connection with the Wheeler-Rayburn Holding-Company Bill.

As if to offset Mr. Hurley's charge of politics, the committee immediately called Joseph P. Tumulty, former Secretary to President Wilson. A willing witness, he said that he never had advised clients to go in for lobbying; in fact, had urged that they cooperate with the investigating committee. He averred that he had warned utility operators that regulation was inevitable.

Wide World

Patrick J. Hurley, ex-Secretary of War, before the Senate's lobby-investigating committee

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Meat Off Detroit Housewives' Menus

Woman Organizes High-Price Protest Group; Shops Close; Mayor Calls Move "Unfair"; Government Agent Predicts Twenty Per Cent. Increase in Meat Prices Despite Strike

The price of meat was too high. Housewives with non-too-plump pocketbooks in Hamtramck, largest Polish area of Detroit, Michigan, said so. They also said that "something should be done about it."

Among them was Mrs. Mary Zuk, thirty-year-old wife of an unemployed factory-worker, who decided that that "something" would be done. She organized the women in the neighborhood, and declared a boycott against all butcher-shops until meat prices should be reduced 20 per cent.

The butchers were enraged. Would-be purchasers of meat were met by determined, gingham-clad pickets of Mrs. Zuk's Committee for Action Against the High Cost of Living, who sought gently, or otherwise, to dissuade them from entering the stores.

There was some violence. Venturesome husbands of women unconnected with the boycott-movement were seized by militant pickets when they emerged from meat shops. Their clothing was torn, their faces scratched, their hair pulled. Their packages were confiscated and thrown away.

The Hamtramck butchers were powerless. Finally, they decided to close up shop for at least two weeks, a move necessitated, according to Walter Mendrzyk, President of the Hamtramck Butchers and Grocers Association, "because the markets have no customers."

Communistic Influences

Some of the merchants affected declared that the boycott was prompted by communistic influences. This Mrs. Zuk denied, and her statement was corroborated by the police, altho Joseph A. Lewandowski, Mayor of Hamtramck, was quoted as saying: "Some Communists appear to be participating."

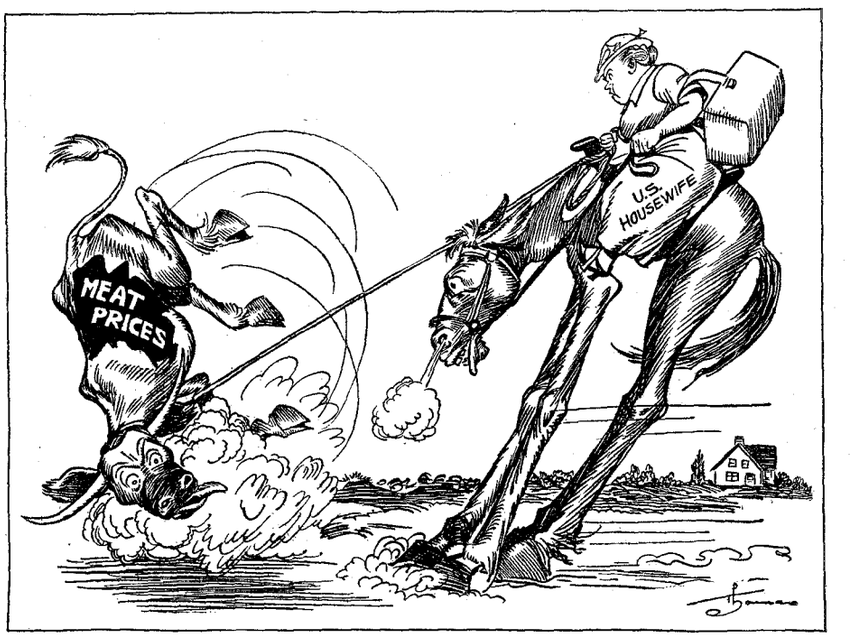
Charges that meat prices in the Detroit area had been boosted artificially were denied by meat packers. They declared that an admitted 25 per cent. increase in meat prices was due to drought in the cattle-country, the government slaughtering policies, and AAA processing-taxes.

The Hamtramck meat strike has spread to other communities. Women in nearby Wyandotte and Lincoln Park have pledged themselves to buy no meat until the price comes down. Butchers are worried.

Satisfied With Results

Mrs. Zuk, leader of the striking women, is satisfied with results obtained so far. She is young, about five feet tall, with dark hair, and dark eyes. Born in Neffs, Ohio, she has been a resident of Detroit for the last nineteen years. She is the mother of two children and has few interests outside of her family.

She declines to state whether or not she ever headed any women's protest-committee before organizing the C.A.A.H.C.L. When asked if she had ever been offered a New Deal job, she answered: "I wish I had one."



When the Lady Is on Her High Horse

—*Thomas in the Detroit* News

The strike, or boycott, is meeting opposition from many quarters. Naturally, Detroit meat dealers are up in arms. With the boycott in effect for approximately three weeks, 250 of them formed a committee to draft ways and means of meeting the housewives' demands.

Daniel A. Ford, of the United States Bureau of Agricultural Economics, told the dealers that their prices were comparable to those of Chicago, and other mid-Western cities. Market-conditions are such, he said, that, despite strike-activities, most wholesale prices probably would be increased 20 per cent.

As the strike spread throughout Wayne County, dealers called on Prosecutor Duncan McCrea for protection. "From what you tell me," he said, "it (the strike) appears to be a common boycott—which is illegal."

Hog-Prices Up

Meanwhile, the cost of hogs has been rising to the highest level since 1929. In Chicago, on August 8, it jumped to a top of $12.05 a hundredweight, exclusive of the AAA processing-tax of $2.25.

All that the embattled housewives of Wayne County know, or care about, however, is that prices are too high. Flushed with success, they are confident they will gain their ends.

Press Critical

The Detroit *Free Press* feels that the strike should be aimed at the New Deal, and not at local butchers.

"The unfortunate part of a consumers'-strike," it says, "is that its first and immediate victims are the retailers, who have as much control over prices as they have over the weather . . .

"The people who should be boycotted are those who increase the cost of the necessaries of life by taxation, and currency manipulation. And that means, to-day, the New Dealers in Washington, whose whole recovery-philosophy has consisted in increasing prices by creating shortages, devaluing the dollar, and taxing industry to aid the farmer. . . ."

The Green Bay (Wis.) *Press-Gazette* states: "The very determined boycott of housewives in Detroit to force down the price of meat is a movement which is materially traceable to mistaken policies of taxation, and was bound to come."

The Bay City (Mich.) *Daily Times* agrees with the Detroit *Free Press* that the strike is unfair to the butchers. "In picketing the shops of the meat retailers they (the women) are inflicting a hardship unjustly upon merchants who are . . . strictly innocent victims of a system over which they have no further control than a single vote—the equivalent of that within the command of every member of the housewives' ranks."

Undaunted, Mrs. Zuk, with the Detroit Federation of Labor in sympathy, has taken a determined stand. When, as she confidently expects, the meat strike is won, the activities of her group will be directed toward high prices in other fields. "We are forming a permanent organization against the high cost of living," she has stated, "and we will spread the fight."

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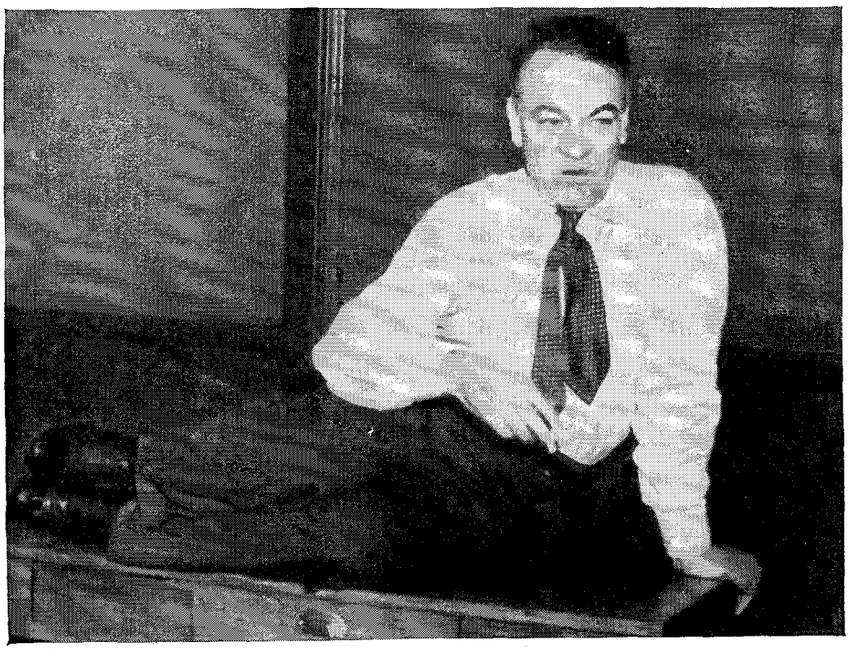
Can Relief-Workers Go on Strike?

Labor's Attempt to Force Show-Down on Wage-Schedule; Roosevelt Backs Hopkins's "Work or Get Off Dole" Warning



Wide World

Brig. Gen. Hugh S. Johnson, whose relief-troubles are many

"Where we should have good-will and the cheerful comradeship of a great effort for human welfare, we are offered a Kilkenny cat fight—a bickering brawl, ill-will, hatred, riot, and, maybe, bloodshed."

What Brig. Gen. Hugh S. Johnson, in his present capacity as Works Progress Administrator for New York City, called a "Kilkenny cat fight" was the start of union-labor's attempt last week to bring a show-down on the Federal relief-wage policy.

The WPA, created in April to spend a $4,000,000,000 appropriation, aimed to "remove from the relief-rolls to work on projects, or in private employment, the maximum number of persons in the shortest time possible."

Previously, when cities and States financed relief with Federal aid through the Emergency Relief Bureau, skilled workers earned a maximum of $60 a month.

Altho WPA offered needy men subsistence wages as high as $93.50 a month, union leaders charged that it cut their pay for actual time approximately in half, and would set a dangerous precedent for private employers. Increase in the number of eight-hour work-days from five to fifteen meant that men were being asked to work at seventy-eight cents an hour as against the former $1.50 an hour for skilled workers.

Threats and Retorts

New York was the first city to get its projects under way, and, consequently, New York union leaders were the first to call men off their jobs. William Green, in Atlantic City, predicted a nation-wide strike as threats were reported from Boston, Chicago, Philadelphia, Kansas City, Cleveland, San Francisco, Seattle, and other cities.

Harry L. Hopkins, Federal Relief Administrator, retorted:

"No one has to work who does not want to. Those declining to work will go off our rolls, and what happens to them after that is not our business, but the concern of their own States."

President Roosevelt upheld him.

"That means work or starve," said George Meany, President of the New York State Federation of Labor. "Do you think we are going to bow to anything like that?"

"The strike was foreshadowed when the Administration induced Congress to adopt Mr. Roosevelt's 'security' wage and reject the 'prevailing wage' demanded by the American Federation of Labor," the Detroit *Free Press* (Ind.) comments.

" 'There is no such thing,' Administrator Hopkins declares, 'as a strike on a relief-job.' That is the philosophy of autocracy—and of the New Deal Administration."

The Atlanta *Constitution* (Dem.) believes that Mr. Hopkins is correct in his position, adding:

"There are thousands of unemployed who will be glad enough to get the vacated positions and they should be protected in their right to work."

"Labor's apprehensions lest the low WPA wages be used as a club to force down wages in private industry are not 'fantastic and foolish' as General Johnson argues," according to the Cleveland *News* (Rep.). "It would be far better for the Government to continue direct relief than attempt a public-works program which will mean few worth-while public works, which will fail to stimulate the durable-goods industries, and which will employ workers at cut-rate wages."

Benefits for Thousands

Social-Security Bill Ends Long Path Through Congress

"One of the best pieces of news to come from Capitol Hill in many a day" reached President Roosevelt last week-end. Legislation close to his heart and high on his list had ended a long, weary trek.

"No one can guarantee this country against the dangers of future depressions, but we can reduce these dangers," he told Congress last January. "We can eliminate many of the factors that cause economic depressions, and we can provide the means of mitigating their results."

Seven months later, Congress replied by announcing that the Social-Security Bill was ready for his signature. Held in conference since June 19, it finally won the approval of Senate and House virtually intact. An amendment to preserve private pension systems, the only serious point of difference, was dropped.

The bill will impose taxes of $2,713,000,000 each year by 1950 on employers and employees to pay pensions and relief to beneficiaries estimated at 28,000,000 to 30,000,000.

"Historic" Measure

Calling it a measure of "great historic importance," the New York *Times* (Ind.-Dem.) says:

"In addition to its sections dealing with assistance to dependent and crippled children, mothers, the indigent disabled, and the blind, it provides, for the first time in our history, for nation-wide old-age assistance, old-age pensions, and unemployment insurance. Thus, it seeks, in one great stride, to bring us abreast of the social-security legislation that a few European countries have tested for a generation or more.

"The objectives at which the bill aims are now generally accepted by enlightened opinion. They are not cure-alls, but mitigations of some of the chief economic contingencies of life—the fear of want and starvation from the sudden loss of a job, the fear of poverty and homelessness in old age."

Time for Study

The Times sees certain ill-considered crudities and inequities in the program, but concludes hopefully:

"Fortunately, there will be ample time for Congress to consider and correct the defects of the bill. The unemployment-insurance tax does not go into effect until January 1 next; the old-age insurance income and excise taxes do not go into effect until 1937.

"Now that a social-security measure is assured, and haste is no longer considered necessary, there will be time for quiet, dispassionate study and mature amendment."

A joint committee to be composed of members of the House Ways and Means Committee and of the Senate Finance Committee will work during the recess with that aim in view.

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Topics in Brief

SOAK the rich, and they'll sock the poor. — *Thomaston (Ga.) Times.*

DOES Mr. Roosevelt refer to Chief Justice Hughes as "old Anthony Adverse"?—*Detroit Free Press.*

IT strikes us that a party with a share-the-poverty plank in it would be a natural for 1936.—*New York Herald Tribune.*

EVEN when Congress adjourns there will still be a few things wrong with the country.—*Savannah Morning News.*

HITLER is right when he says Europe isn't big enough for a war. Even peace seems crowded over there.—*Toledo Blade.*

A GASOLINE that comes in the form of jelly is obviously only a first step. Later will come the six delicious flavors.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

Another "Unlikely Historical Situation"
—Elderman in the Washington Post

WE'VE been listening for a song about Addis Ababa. — *Tampa Tribune.*

CARNERA might resume his strong-man act in a political pageant, holding up the deficit.—*Indianapolis Star.*

THERE'S a nice feature spot on Page 1 for the first diplomat who fries an egg on the Ethiopian crisis.—*Detroit News.*

MASSACHUSETTS' new teachers' allegiance oath is assured of plenty of swearing—to and at.—*Dallas Morning News.*

JUST because the President still smiles is no sign he is not tired. Any ballet-dancer will tell you that. — *Albany Knickerbocker Press.*

YOU can't say the British are not ingenious. An English statesman now has a national plan to abolish national plans. — *Tacoma Ledger.*

LLOYD GEORGE'S "New Deal for Great Britain" has been turned down. His choice of a name was unfortunate.—*Cincinnati Times-Star.*

LIVES of great men also remind us that planks are things a candidate stands on before election and sits down on afterwards. —*Winona (Minn.) Republican-Herald.*

THE United States is the only country in the world that believes the other fellow will trade with you if you are careful never to give him any business.—*American Lumberman.*

WHAT most of us resent in the League of Nations is not so much its failure to do anything as the time it takes making up its mind on a problem.—*New Orleans Times-Picayune.*

A CAMERA that takes in 760 square miles at one shot has been built. Until now, Hollywood could photograph only an acre of dancing-girls at a time.—*Jackson (Miss.) Daily News.*

SOMEHOW, we think Congress ought to be able to discuss a question of fact without lining all the Republicans up on one side, and all the Democrats on the other.—*San Diego Union.*

YOU can't say Hitler hasn't the international view-point. He gets more disturbed about unsatisfactory occurrences in this country than he does about unsatisfactory occurrences in Germany.—*Boston Evening Transcript.*

THE Treasury Department is considering the coinage of a one-mill piece. Probably somebody wants the Administration to do something for brass.—*New Yorker.*

AND if there is a Presidential campaign in 1936 we suppose the rallying-song will be something like "Happy Days Are Here Again, Again." — *Boston Evening Transcript.*

As we understand Representative Dies, there is no room in this country for aliens who think our system is as rotten as the Republican orators say it is.—*Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.*

MR. ROOSEVELT must have decided that the rest of his sponsored legislation must be must and not mussed, and in any case neither missed nor mist.—*Winona (Minn.) Republican-Herald.*

IMPRESARIO I. HURST reports that burlesque choruses are now composed mostly of graduate co-eds and that the censorship is about gone. Nothing can halt the march of culture.—*Chicago Daily News.*

MAYOR LAGUARDIA is not worried over Germany's protest at his action in retaliation for Germans' treatment of Jews. The Germans can't vote for him, but the Bronx can!—*Albany Knickerbocker Press.*

ETHIOPIAN propaganda represents the land as one of reptiles, lions, cannibals, malaria, and intolerable heat, but you know how chambers of commerce exaggerate.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

THE New Deal finally has reached the White House kitchen.—*Tampa Tribune.*

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT says he favors peace in Ethiopia and he might also commit himself against sin.—*Indianapolis Star.*

MAYBE the AAA will have less and less work to do, as farmers gradually get relieved of their farms.—*New York Herald Tribune.*

INSTEAD of two chickens in every pot the trend now seems to be toward two government employees for every taxpayer.—*Ohio State Journal.*

ACCORDING to some Roosevelt critics, Russian journalists should come over here to write about our Soviet experiment.—*Albany Knickerbocker Press.*

AN Eastern writer suggests that *The Congressional Record* carry advertising. Has he thought to read *The Congressional Record?*—*Detroit News.*

NOTHING makes one so aware of the swift passage of the years as the news that a child named Alfred Smith Hoover is now aged seven.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

A SCHOOLHOUSE in Minnesota is to be constructed entirely of glass. It will obviate the need of arising *en masse* to see the fire-apparatus go by.—*Detroit News.*

IN an Indian election, it is stated, only 300 voted out of a population of 6,000. Gradually, the redskins are learning the white man's ways.—*Sudbury (Eng.) Star.*

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Midsummer Ferment in Germany

Drive Against Jews, Catholics, Freemasons, and "Steel Helmets" Goes on as Hitler Declares His Confidence in Divine Protection; Pope Deplores Nazi Fight "Against God and Christ"

Adolf Hitler, Germany's Fuehrer (Leader) and Chancellor since January 30, 1933, has been silent for some weeks lately. His oratorical flow of words was held back while his active adjutants continued fire on Catholics, Jews, the Stahlhelm, National Socialist Front-Fighters, and Freemasons.

The end of all Masonic lodges in Germany was announced on August 8. Hitler's own newspaper, *Völkischer Beobachter* ("People's Observer"), Munich, stated that about five days earlier the last Masonic lodges in the Reich, the State Lodge of Saxony, the Dresden Great Lodge, and the German Brethren Chain of Leipzig would be dissolved. Cabled inquiries by THE LITERARY DIGEST brought the response from European correspondents that "in the various European capitals there had been no press comments on the reported Nazi move to curb Freemasonry."

After the dissolution of the old Prussian Freemason Lodge, on July 21, said a Berlin correspondent of the Associated Press, and a year-long campaign, the Freemasons in Germany were inevitably to be wiped out. Hitler's *Völkischer Beobachter*, cited above, asserted that the secret aim of Freemasonry was a Jewish world republic.

The dissolution of Freemasonry in Germany, it added, would "finish a special chapter in world history, and the guardian of the Nazi ideal will be alert."

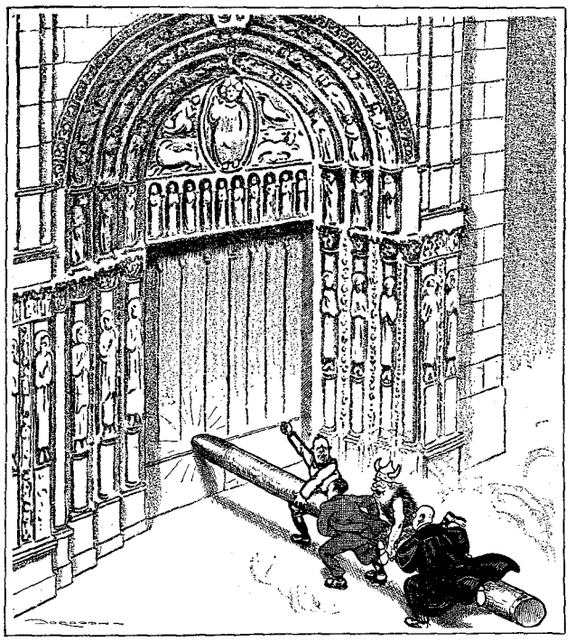
Nazi secret police last Thursday dissolved the veterans' "Steel Helmet" formations in Berlin, Brandenburg, Pomerania, and the Eastern Mark, the territory along the Western ridge of Pomorze, Poland.

The dissolution of the veteran units, according to the Associated Press, was accomplished on the basis of the law of February 28, 1933, for the protection of the people and the State. The property of the "Steel-Helmet" units was seized.

Pope's Call

Pope Pius XI, from his vacation-retreat at Castel Gandolfo, Italy, called upon German Catholics to remain stedfast to the Church Eternal, and deplored the Nazi fight "against both God and Christ in favor of modern paganism." Apropos of the Nazi attacks on the Roman Catholic Church, the New York *Times* remarked:

"The Nazi invective is directed not against the Catholic Church by name, but against those 'traitors' who would make use of an ecclesiastical body for political purposes. They are spoken of as the 'Right Center' in German political life, which, of course, is the old name for the Catholic Party.



The Door That Withstands Nazi Rage

—De Groene Amsterdammer

"The absurd charge is made that these Catholics are working hand-in-hand with Bolsheviki and Communists in the effort to prevent Hitler from winning his great battle to 'give food and freedom to the German people.'

"On their part the Catholics in Berlin call attention to the fact that the Government has openly violated the Concordat with the Vatican whereby protection was to be assured to the Catholic Church in the Reich."

A German's View

The *Frankfurter Zeitung*, a German daily independent enough to have been rebuked occasionally by Nazi headquarters, has this to say about the present position of the Roman Catholic Church in Germany:

"More particularly must the Roman Catholic Church suffer because it was involved by the old Center Party so deeply in a fatal circle of politics (as most people now perceive), in a whole history of troubled wordliness.

"Nevertheless, a doubtful service would be done to the cause of German development if every Catholic impulse which happens to be awkward or inconvenient were labeled as 'Center politics.'

"That many National Socialist ideas and methods can not be reconciled with the traditional Christian world point of view—especially where positive dogmas are in the case—is well known.

"It is a quite different question whether it is necessary or inevitable so to intensify such conflicts that any kind of cooperation is no longer possible.

"Certainly such an irritation is neither in the interest of the Church, and its members, nor in the interest of State and people, whose well-being assumes the harmonious action of all constructive forces."

An authoritative Nazi opinion of the whole Nazi attitude is expressed by Walter Frank, called a brilliant Nazi spokesman, in the *Völkischer Beobachter*. Said Mr. Frank:

"It is self-evident that our time, transformed by a great revolution from the ground up, requires a new picture and view of history. This entails new viewpoints and new impulses of which the aim is to overcome prior conflicts and oppositions—Low German and High German, bourgeois and Marxian, Protestant and Catholic, dynastic and republican."

After Chancellor Hitler's prolonged midsummer silence, he suddenly started shouting again last Sunday. He motored to Rosenheim from Germany's summer capital—so named lately—Berchtesgaden, in the Bavarian Alps, where he has been taking a vacation in a modest villa on a picturesque hilltop, surrounded by snow-capped mountains.

At Rosenheim, in Bavaria, near the Austrian border, Herr Hitler addressed an enthusiastic audience in celebration of the fifteenth anniversary of the local Nazi organization. In the course of his address, the German Chancellor said:

"Fifteen years ago I possessed nothing but my faith and will. To-day the movement is the German nation and the Reich. Could that have been possible without the blessing of Almighty God? We are what we are, not against, but by the will of Providence."

French Economic Turmoil

When France's swarthy, white-cravatted Premier, Pierre Laval, won, on June 8, a vote of confidence for his new "save-the-franc" Cabinet, he promised to be "equally unpopular" with every one. Last week, he saw this promise figuratively fulfilled overnight.

Against a total of seventy decree-laws promulgated in seven days was scored up eight dead, hundreds injured at Toulon, Brest, Cherbourg, Lorient—all great naval establishments. Dissatisfaction simmered among all classes of the populace.

Finally, on August 11, President Lebrun made "a supreme appeal to the nation" to cease violent opposition to the Government's emergency deflation program.

Popular unrest crystallized on August 3

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in Toulon, great naval base on the Mediterranean. Radical rioters ran amuck, chasing the citizenry indoors.

Next day rioting broke out at the Brest naval arsenal, which had to be closed. Trouble started when the authorities, anticipating a demonstration, refused to withdraw guards posted around the battle-ship *Dunkerque*, under construction.

The important *Journal des Débats* commented: "We do not want to dramatize at all, but if this sport spreads, we are going to have rehearsals for a civil war in the near future."

"Sport" Spreads

The "sport" did spread. Outbreaks continued at Brest, while at Havre crews of the French Line struck, hundreds of Americans being held up there by the delayed departure of the *Champlain*.

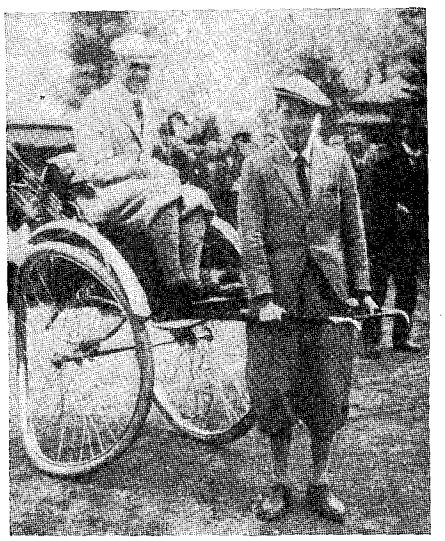
On August 8, naval workers at Toulon went on another rampage, marched through the streets singing the "Internationale," and ran up against barricaded police and troops, and left five dead, 200 wounded. A state of siege was declared.

Politicians of the Left laid the blame on nationalist organizations; the Right press denounced the trouble-makers. The words "agents provocateurs" were bandied.

The Laval Government stood its ground courageously. The doughty Premier announced the second part of his program with new batches of decrees; then called in all of the nation's prefects. To them he solemnly pointed out the peril of a dictatorship unless they enforced all of the new laws to the letter.

Three of the injured died in Brest. Rioting was reported from Algeria.

All France went to bed wondering how far "the sport" was going to spread between now and autumn, when M. Laval's decree-reign ends, and a political free-for-all for power begins.



The Japanese protest against Vanity Fair's *cartoon of Emperor Hirohito prompted Prof. Hugh L. Riordan, of Milwaukee, to send the above photograph to* THE LITERARY DIGEST. *It was published in* The Japan Advertiser *on May 5, 1922, and shows the Prince of Wales pulling a jinrikisha, at Nikko, on his visit to Japan. The Prince said at the time it was "easily the most amazing experience of the trip"*

New Era Opening for India

Appointment of the Marquess of Linlithgow as Viceroy Brings Approval from British and Indian Press

The Marquess of Linlithgow, accent on the *lith* (see page 29), a forty-eight-year-old Conservative with an impressive record of public service behind him, was appointed Viceroy of India on August 6 to succeed the Earl of Willingdon, whose five-year term expires next April.

Lord Linlithgow's appointment quickly followed King George's royal assent to the All-India Federation Bill, which gives India a measure of self-government.

About one year after Lord Linlithgow takes office, he will become the first Governor-General of Federated India. Known as a twelve-hour-a-day worker, the new Viceroy, a tall, willowy, square-jawed, clean-shaven, and impeccably dressed Scottish peer, for several years has studied India. *The Times* of London described him as "the ideal choice for the position to which the whole of his experience has almost inevitably brought him."

Wide World

Lord Linlithgow, new Viceroy of India, and his wife

Choice Approved

That verdict was accepted unanimously by the British press. Even the ultra-Tory *Morning Post* of London, which fought the India Bill bitterly, agreed with Liberal newspapers that Stanley Baldwin's Nationalist Government chose wisely and well. All-India Congress newspapers, also, representing the Party whose aim always has been complete independence for India, admitted "a worse choice could have been made." One Simla organ of this Party said:

"We wanted the constitutional changes to be as free as possible. Now that the issue is closed, let the dust of controversy subside, and let men turn their attention to working out the Constitution which it is their privilege to have obtained by sacrifices of a decade."

S. M. Birla, Indian business man and close friend of Mahatma Gandhi, described Lord Linlithgow as "a good man who will always take a just view."

On the purely human side, the new Viceroy is credited with having hobbies so varied as to include medieval Scottish research, Indian agriculture, shooting, big-game hunting, and the fine arts.

He married Doreen Maud, second daughter of the Rt. Hon. Sir Frederick Milner. They have twin sons, and three daughters. The Linlithgows formerly lived next door to the Soviet Embassy in Chesham Place, London. In an effort to ward off the crowds of Russians who daily mistook his residence for the Embassy and pounded incessantly on the door, Lord Linlithgow put up a sign reading: "This is NOT the Russian Embassy."

Another anecdote told of him is that for years he has periodically denounced the atmosphere in the House of Lords as "beastly," and has heckled the Government with questions such as: "How long has it been since the windows were last opened?"

The bill embodying India's new Federal Constitution became a law only after eight years of incessant labor. Viscount Halifax, who, as Lord Irwin, was Viceroy of India from 1926 to 1931, said in *Foreign Affairs* (New York) that it meant:

"No less than the drafting of a new Constitution for one-fifth of the earth's inhabitants; drawn from a multiplicity of races, speaking many different dialects and languages, some with civilizations more ancient than ours, others sunk from all time in an abyss of depression; cleft by religion into seemingly unbridgeable divisions, divisions themselves subdivided into mutually antagonistic groupings."

An Indian's View

St. Nihal Singh, an Indian-born journalist of wide experience, who always has emphasized the difference between British India and the Indian India, a term he coined to designate the Indian States collectively, expressed his opinion of the new Constitution in *Asia* (New York) as follows:

"Even if, for a time, federation may seem to accentuate discord, its ultimate—and, in my opinion, inevitable—effect will be to accelerate centripetal forces. I look to it, in fact, to decrease, if not actually to wipe out, in the course of a few decades, the heritage of political differences caused through historical and other accidents."

H. N. Brailsford, internationally-known British journalist of Socialistic tendencies, considers the Indian Constitution "a false start." The main reason is that "it entrenches property in a position of which nothing short of a social revolution could dislodge it" and in *The New Republic* (New York) he once said: "From it no creative force can emerge to sweep away the obstacles that keep the Indian village ignorant, half-starved and incapable of raising its pitiable standard of life."

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Haile Selassie and Il Duce Eager for Publicity

Ethiopian Emperor Has Keen News-Sense and Ability to Dramatize Self; Mussolini Keeps Press-Propaganda Flowing Through Son-in-Law; Addis Ababa Welcomes Correspondents

Premier Benito Mussolini and Emperor Haile Selassie I of Ethiopia are rival newspaper men as well as rival rulers. Last week, continuing their preparations for war as the East African rainy season draws to a close, they leaped into a preliminary fray with their pens.

Because he is seemingly a press agent of first rank, the grave-faced, fighting monarch of Ethiopia chalked up a better score.

From his desk in the massive Mappapondo Hall in Rome's Palazzo Venezia, Il Duce kept the Italian press at dead-line tension, feeding it a constant flow of editorial matter through his go-getting son-in-law, Count Galeazzo Ciano, Under-Secretary of State for Press and Propaganda. For the *Popolo d'Italia*, his Milan newspaper, he reserved his personal pronunciamentos.

Il Duce continued his hammering against England, at which, it was disclosed, Whitehall finally rebelled, and made stern representations to Ambassador Dino Grandi, which netted an apologetic back-down.

On August 16, Anglo-Franco-Italian negotiations on Ethiopia were scheduled to open in Paris. Premier Mussolini, pessimistic as to the outcome, expressed a fear that other nations might ask a division of the spoils.

Personal Journalism

At his flat-topped French desk in Addis Ababa's Great Gibbi Palace, the Conquering Lion of Judah, working eighteen hours a day, maintained a running fire of news reports, communiqués, editorials, and proclamations in his personally-owned weekly, *Berhanena Salem*, and in the weekly official government organ, *Aimero*. Editorials denouncing Italy were entitled "Yellem, Yellem!", a double-barreled negative.

And, with an instinct for publicity smacking of Broadway, the little King of Kings dashed off a signed story by wireless to the New York *Times* and the North American Newspaper Alliance—his sixth such article in as many weeks.

His two opening paragraphs show the man's genius for dramatizing his plight: "Our great ancestor, King Solomon, expressed the opinion that a wise man should roll his tongue seven times around his mouth before voicing his thoughts, and this maxim forms to-day the beginning of wisdom for a statesman.

"Another proverb states that there is many a slip between the cup and the lip, and the Bible has taught us that David with his insignificant sling-shot overcame Goliath."

To Paris and London went other "blurbs" from the deft royal pen. In them was a conspicuous absence of rancor against the outside world; rather was there a firm show of courage, coupled with a plea for sympathy. As a result, moral support for the King of Kings grew apace.

© International

Field-Marshal Haile Selassie

Like Il Duce, the Emperor knows a pig of metal from a piece of type. He seems to have the better "nose for news." Typed by his progressive, well-educated wife, Waizeru (Princess) Menen, his first literary efforts appeared in 1925 in Addis Ababa weeklies, as well as in English and French publications.

Haile Selassie knew his country well from first-hand contact. So, when foreign correspondents espied him, a modern Harun-al-Raschid, in noctural wanderings about the capital, they believed him either pleasure-bent or in quest of more knowledge.

In 1931, he unwittingly revealed he was none other than a reporter like themselves, that he had been a star writer (as well as proprietor and editor) of the weekly *Ethiopia* since 1928. The disclosure came in a scathing editorial, buttressed with give-away reportorial observation, against night-life in Addis Ababa.

"My Sire, King Solomon"

Negus Negust (King of Kings) Haile Selassie I (The Power of the Trinity) claims to be the 111th descendant of King Solomon and Balkis, Queen of Sheba. The story goes that Balkis, a dusky lady, went across the desert to Jerusalem in 1000 B.C. with a long train of camels bearing precious gifts to the wise sovereign whom she wished to consult about unruly subjects. A son was born to them—King David II, or Menelik I of Abyssinia, who founded the long line of Ethiopian kings. Haile Selassie, as the New York *Times* commented, speaks of his ancestors, David and Solomon, almost as casually as a British king might mention William the Conqueror and Alfred the Great.

The emperor's flair for the bizarre stems from his nose for news and publicity. As a Christmas present to *Uncle Sam*, this year, he delivered to the American Legation a green bull, alive and snorting. He had apparently had his court-painter daub the beast as a joke.

War confronting him, the King of Kings last week flung the palace doors wide open for arriving correspondents. Dressed in black, minus decorations and jewels, he received them on the steps of his Throne.

They found him an educated, urbane man; slight, majestic, well-knit; his Semitic-cast face, pierced by big, melancholy eyes, set off by a black beard. He appeared no darker than some Spaniards. His hands and feet were small.

"Chief of Chiefs"

"A grave and graceful figure is the little Emperor," wrote Ignatius Phayre, a British observer, in *Current History*. "A man of hieratic pose, speaking perfect French, and even fair English. His one desire is to be left in peace, hoping by degrees to educate and uplift his very 'mixed' peoples."

Yet, to Raymond Gram Swing, Washington political writer, in magazine *Today*, the "'King of Kings' really should be called 'Chief of Chiefs.' Most of the spell of the country and the romance of the Solomonic heritage exist in the imagination of distant readers. The greater number of the 10,000,000 Ethiopians live in abject poverty, or in actual slavery."

Nevertheless, Haile Selassie himself is one of the best educated, and one of the most advanced rulers in the world.

Radios, phonographs, electric gadgets, and all such sundries of a modern man living in a backward country fill the royal apartments. There is an excellent library.

The Emperor, father of six children, lives simply. He likes European dishes, which he orders from a menu printed in French.

He reached his gilded Throne, set amid a forest of blue-gum trees, in a devious way. In 1916, as Ras (Governor) Taffari Makonnen, he was proclaimed Regent, heir to the scepter of Menelik II, national hero, who died in 1913. But, his aunt, Waizeru (Princess) Zauditu, was named Empress.

Shortly afterward a palace-revolt broke out which the young man suppressed; then, to strengthen his position, he had himself crowned Negus (King). The husband of the Empress started an uprising in 1930.

Ras Taffari's rival lost his head, the Empress died after taking a holy, but icy, bath prescribed by the priests, and, later in 1930, he was crowned Negus Negust.

As Lemuel F. Parton, writing in the New York *Sun*, remarked: "He's more modern than one might think, and maybe he knows what he is about in baiting Mussolini." When the East African rains halt, the world will find out.

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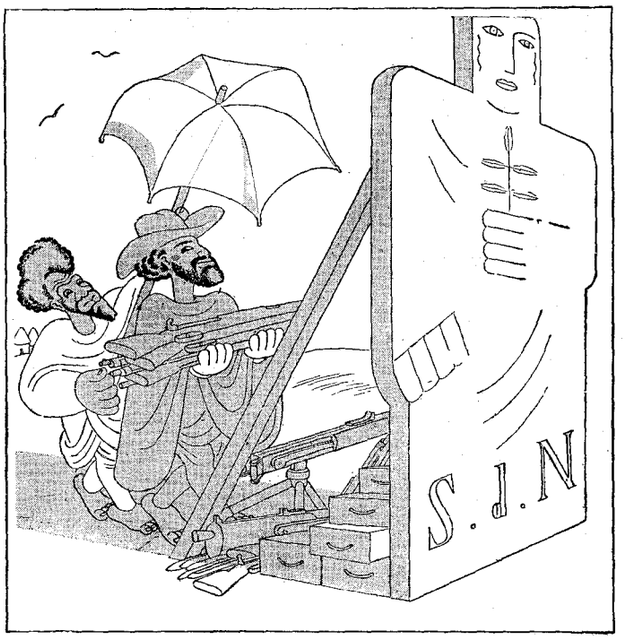
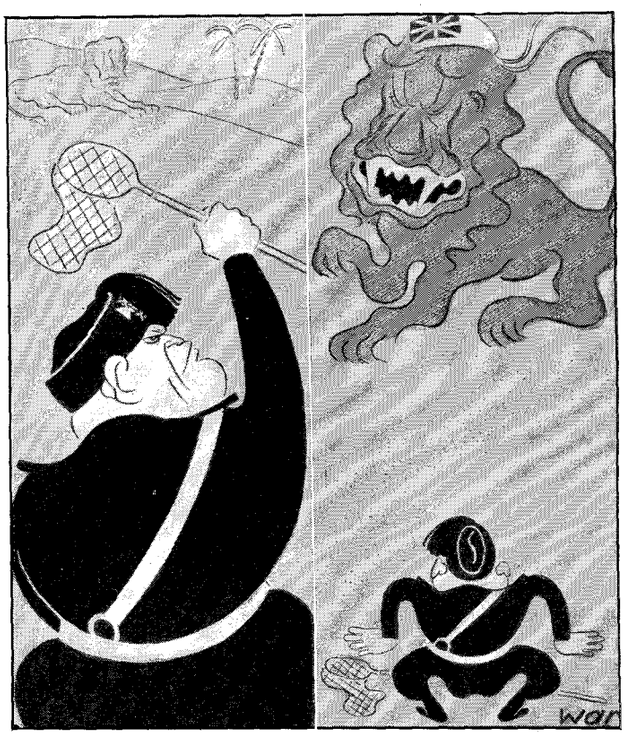
Europe Looks at the Abyssinian Situation

Cartoonists in Italy, Great Britain, Czechoslovakia, and Switzerland Present Their Views on the Continued Threats of War Between Mussolini and Haile Selassie



The League of Nations Makes a Fine Screen for Abyssinian Armaments

—Guerin Meschino *(Milan)*



Mussolini in Abyssinia: "It'll Be Easy to Dispatch That Miserable Animal. Heavens, It's the British Lion!"

—Der Simpl *(Prague)*

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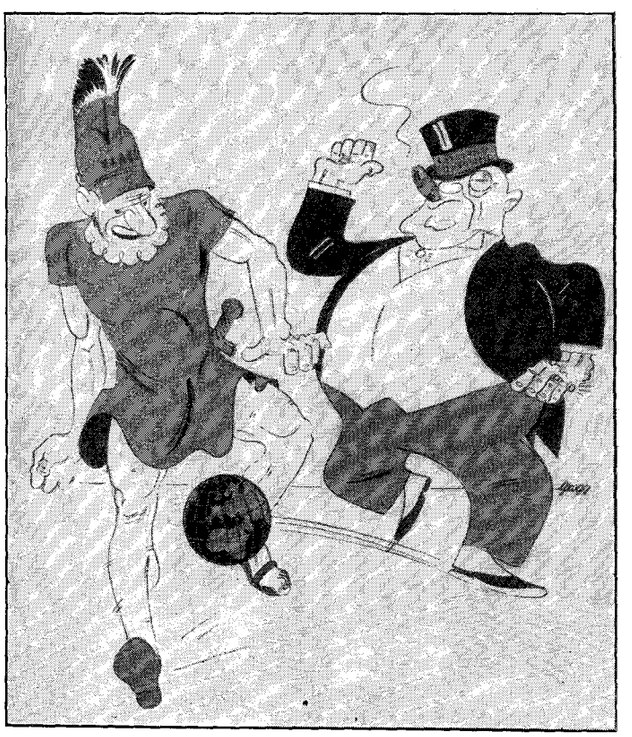
Little Miss Lira: "Don't Go to War, Daddy. Think What Will Happen to Me!"

—Punch *(London)*



The Finest Sports-Combination Games in the World: "Mars vs. *Armament Industries"*

—Nebelspalter *(Zurich)*

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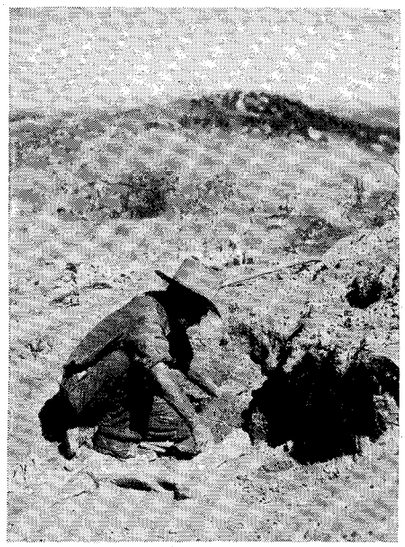
They Came Here Before the Vikings

Was Man's Début in America Twenty Thousand or Only Four Thousand Years Ago?; Archeologists Differ; Conclusions Based on Remnants of Prehistoric Culture in Southwest



Dr. Frank H. H. Roberts excavating the skeleton of an extinct type of bison and prehistoric human relics in Colorado

What were the emotions of the first Asiatic tribesman to look upon America? Some time in the dim past he crossed the shallow strait (or, possibly, a low land-bridge) which then linked Siberia with Alaska.

Southward down the west coast, and along the grassy plains of the east slope of the Rockies, his successors penetrated, following the wild herds. Ultimately they settled in the Southwest, there building up the characteristic culture-complexes known to archeologists as Folsom and Yuma.

But when did all this occur? Unfortunately, the first Americans left no record of their coming or going. Their existence has been determined principally by inference, by occasional relics found in association with bones of animals long extinct, by the traces of ancient fires buried under deep layers of more recent soil, by misty glimpses of their way of life.

Evidence Summarized

Last week, Dr. John C. Merriam, President of the Carnegie Institution of Washington, summed up the recent evidence of the antiquity of man in America:

Typical stone points of the type known as Folsom (THE LITERARY DIGEST, June 9, 1934) have been found in a cave near Carlsbad, New Mexico, together with bones of extinct types of horse, bison, and a goat-like animal resembling the musk-ox.

At Clovis, New Mexico, Folsom points were found with the remains of elephants and ground-sloths. At Folsom, New Mexico, at Frederick, Oklahoma, and other locations in the Great Plains, they have been found with bones of an extinct type of bison.

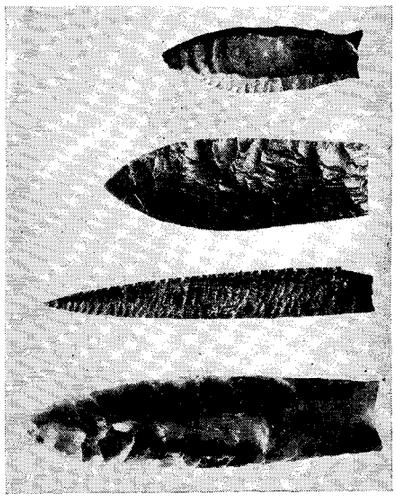
In Minnesota, parts of human skeletons have been found in deposits laid down in or near glacial lakes, probably as old, or nearly as old, as the last glaciation in that region —approximately 20,000 years (THE LITERARY DIGEST, October 27, 1934).

None of these occurrences, admitted Doctor Merriam, indicates that man is native to America.

At the same time, the American record "appears to extend back into a period that is either an older extension of our recent epoch, or one representing the latter portion of Pleistocene time." The Pleistocene was the geological epoch which included the ice age.

Notable Exception

The majority of American archeologists agree with Doctor Merriam, but there are notable exceptions. Dr. Herbert Joseph Spinden, forceful Curator of Ethnology of the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences, recently uttered a blast against all arguments placing man on this Continent more than 4,000 years ago.



Carnegie Institution of Washington

Stone points made by prehistoric Indians

Alaska and Bering Straits are far north of the general hunting-grounds of prehistoric man in Europe and Asia. The ice age, spreading its chilly glaciers down over the northern part of the earth, kept men of the old stone-age from reaching such latitudes, Doctor Spinden believes.

On the archeological map, discoveries of men of the stone age have not been made farther north than the British Isles and the Gobi Desert.

Hence, Europe's primitive men, the tool-makers of the old stone age, failed to get within 3,000 miles of the East Cape of Siberia. And the East Cape, up near the arctic circle, was the place where the short voyage of American discovery is supposed to have been made.

It was not until the ice-sheets melted back, and forests grew again in the north, that man wandered toward the arctic circle, says Doctor Spinden. And that was when the mesolithic, or middle stone-age was ending, and the neolithic age was coming in.

As evidence, Doctor Spinden asserted that the harpoons, stone points, and other implements of neolithic hunters at Lake Baikal, in Siberia, match with similar objects made by prehistoric men in America. The neolithic cemeteries of Lake Baikal are dated at approximately 2,000 or 2,500 B.C.

Chance Strikes

The reason why the history of man in America is so much in doubt, while in Europe the general outlines are quite clear, is that human remains are relatively very scarce here. Only by rare chance is a real strike made, such as that at Folsom, New Mexico, excavated in 1927.

This summer, a party of archeologists from the Smithsonian Institution, headed by tall, quiet, thirty-eight-year-old Dr. Frank H. H. Roberts, Jr., is excavating a new site in Northern Colorado, near Fort Collins, turning up relics of a long-dead people which afford tantalizing glimpses of their ways of life.

One possible link with the Old World has unexpectedly come to light. Old stone-age and mesolithic peoples of Europe and parts of Asia had a curious custom of painting themselves red with ocher, a natural pigment of iron oxid and clay.

America's earliest men may have had the same habit. Among the implements dug out of the Fort Collins deposit (called the "Lindenmeier Site" after William Lindenmeier, Jr., owner of the land) was a flattish stone which could only have been used as a palet for grinding ocher to make red paint. A stain of ocher still clings to it.

Carnegie Institution of Washington

M. H. Harrington, archeologist, holding the claw of a ground-sloth found in New Mexico

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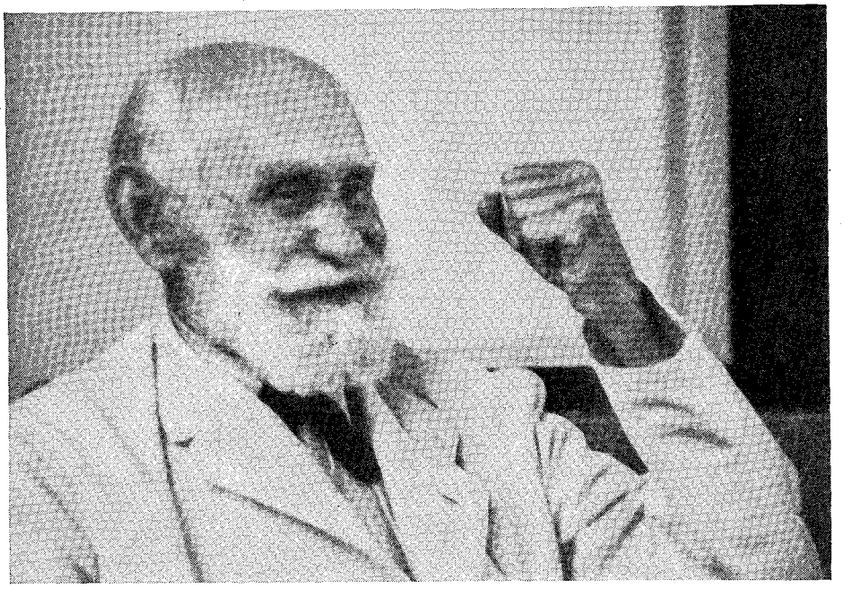
Keeping Pace With Science



Sovfoto

Prof. Ivan Petrovich Pavlov, "the one free man in Russia"

World of Medicine

Record-Maker: The odds were ten to one against fourteen-year-old Harold Pfleger when he entered New York Hospital eight months ago with osteomyelitis and complications. Infection spread; he lost a leg. Eighty-five blood-transfusions kept life in his body.

He returned home triumphantly last fortnight in a wheel-chair. His father, an unemployed cellist, smiled joyfully; his mother choked up with emotion. Neighbors cheered, showered him with presents, gazed with admiration at the boy who had established a new record for blood-transfusions, courage, and cheerfulness.

Harold greeted them all gravely, viewed his gifts, breathed deeply of the Bronx air, lifted his face to look at the sun, exclaimed ecstatically: "Whee!"

Last week he celebrated his fifteenth birthday, on the way to health again.

* * *

Neurologists in London: Eighty-six-year-old Prof. Ivan Petrovich Pavlov, bushy-whiskered, irascible, wiry, has been called "the one free man in Russia." Some scientists have ranked him among the foremost living physiologists. His great contribution was the "conditioned reflex," the stimulus-and-response pattern which he believes fundamental to the psychological and physiological activity of all animals and persons.

Before the International Neurological Congress, meeting in London, he declared that sixty years of experimenting with dogs had convinced him that they possess "the same four fundamental temperaments" as human beings.

Some dogs, like men, are of the choleric type; they have too little inhibition. Some are phlegmatic; in them stimulation and inhibition offset each other. Some are sanguine, and can make adjustment quickly to stimulation and inhibition; some are melancholic—overinhibited and little able to adapt themselves.

Experienced animal-raisers could have told Professor Pavlov that most animals —the domesticated ones, at least—may be subdivided into these groups. However, such classifications are out of favor among modern psychologists; they obscure the fact that individuals do not fall into such neat divisions, but may have varying degrees of choleric, phlegmatic, sanguine, or melancholic personality.

More to the point was the Russian scientist's statement that dogs tend to have the same higher nervous disorders as man. He had been able to reproduce claustrophobia (fear of closed spaces), and other familiar mental maladies, by working patiently with dogs. Experimental insanities, produced in high-strung animals, might lead to formulation of preventive measures for human insanity.

Hundreds of other scientists, including many Americans, offered reports before the Congress.

Raynaud's disease, in which the hands or feet become white and cold, then congested, sometimes, finally, gangrenous, can be cleared up by cutting the sympathetic nerves leading to the affected parts, reported Dr. Alfred W. Adson of the Mayo Clinic, Rochester, Minnesota. Thousands of children and young adults suffer from this malady, the cause of which is unknown.

Drs. Dean Clarke, Heloise Huff, and Harold G. Wolff, of Cornell University Medical College, New York City, told how they had given themselves experimental headaches by injecting the powerful drug histamine to study the causes of headache pain. These laboratory headaches, they found, were caused by dilation and distortion of the intracranial blood-vessels. The site of nervous impulses felt as pain is not the brain, as headache sufferers often believe, but the walls of the blood-vessels and surrounding tissues.

On the final day of the Congress, August 2, the delegates discussed the functions of two important parts of the brain: the thalamus, or midbrain, and the frontal lobes. The thalamus, it was agreed, sends pain impulses to the body; also is responsible for circulatory changes causing paleness in fright, flushing in anger or embarrassment.

The frontal lobes are headquarters for the complex synthetizations and adaptations needed for civilized life.

* * *

Parrot Martyr: For twenty-six years Dr. E. H. Hasseltine, Senior Surgeon of the United States Public Health Service, has carried on laboratory war against the world's most vicious, unpredictable contagious diseases: bubonic plague, leprosy, and psittacosis, daring these diseases to attack him. For four years he worked in a leper-colony in Hawaii; came out unscathed.

In 1931, in Washington, the fever which is transmitted by parrots struck; sent him to the hospital for weeks. One attack of psittacosis is supposed to give permanent immunity; Doctor Hasseltine went back to his studies of it. Two weeks ago, while he was experimenting with psittacosis serums, it struck again. Last week, the scientist was fighting for life against pneumonia, aftermath of the fever, at the Marine Hospital in San Francisco.

This disease, which annually takes toll of lives, is one which could be wiped out in this country overnight. It is maintained only by the unaccountable desire of some persons to keep parrots as pets.

Printing From Rubber

Many a compositor, confronted with a line too long to fit the prescribed space, has wished for compressible rubber type. A new process of printing from rubber plates, announced last week by the B. F. Goodrich Company, will not relieve this situation, but has other advantages over metal.

Printers who experimented with the new "elastotypes" reported them particularly adapted to printing on fragile or brittle materials such as tissue paper, celluloid, wood, metal, fiber, or glass. Bond and other hard papers print better from rubber because it conforms to irregularities of surface. The rubber is said to spread ink more thinly, thereby saving as high as 40 per cent. of this often expensive commodity.

There are disadvantages, too. Rubber swells when oil-inks are used; therefore, special inks must be employed. As yet, half-tones, except those of very coarse screen, can not be printed successfully.

The first book printed by the new method, a detective mystery-story, called "The Emerald Murder Trap," has just been published.

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The Increase in the National Income

1934 Gain Over Total for Previous Year Exceeds Five Billion Dollars, Government Official Estimates; Labor's Share Is Greater, With Work-Relief Payments Included

The national income paid out last year increased by more than $5,000,000,000 over that of 1933, according to Robert R. Nathan, Chief of the Bureau of Economic Research of the Department of Commerce. Labor's share of the total national income, Mr. Nathan finds, was greater in 1934 than in 1929, while the property income was smaller.

Writing in *The Survey of Current Business*, published by the Department of Commerce, Mr. Nathan points out that the total labor income for 1929 was 65 per cent. of the total income; in 1934 it was 67.5 per cent. of the total. Property income for 1934 was 14.4 per cent., as compared with 14.8 per cent. in 1929.

11 Per Cent. Increase

Preliminary estimates of the national income are given by Mr. Nathan as $49,440,000,000 for 1934 and $44,431,000,000 for 1933, an increase of 11 per cent. last year. These are compared with the following estimates for previous years: 1932, $47,964,000,000; 1931, $61,433,000,000; 1930, $72,973,000,000, and 1929, $78,576,000,000.

The estimates, says the article, include income payments in the form of "wages, salaries and other labor income, interest, dividends, entrepreneurial withdrawals (income withdrawn by partners in unincorporated establishments, professional workers and others self-employed) and net rents and royalties to individuals for economic services rendered."

The 1933 and 1934 estimates include also "work-relief payments, including pay-rolls and maintenance received by members of the Civilian Conservation Corps, pay-rolls on Civil Works Administration and Federal Emergency Relief Administration work-projects, and administrative pay-rolls of State, county and other local public relief administrative agencies." More than doubling, these payments increased from $637,000,000 in 1933 to $1,394,000,000 in 1934. Mr. Nathan adds that if they are excluded, the national income paid out in 1934 exceeded the 1933 outgo by 4.2 billion dollars or 10 per cent. Pay-rolls on projects financed by the PWA are estimated in the report at $33,000,000 in 1933 and $302,000,000 in 1934.

Scope of Estimates

Income paid out is defined by Mr. Nathan "as the compensation paid to or received by individuals for their productive services, whether labor, management or the furnishing of capital."

The scope of the estimates he presents is "largely limited to those economic services which enter into the market place of our economy. This limited scope leads to the exclusion of services of housewives and other members of the family in the home, and services of durable goods owned and possessed for personal use, such as dwellings, furniture and automobiles."

Other payments not included are earnings from odd jobs, changes in the value of assets, direct relief, charity, and earnings from illegal pursuits.

Mr. Nathan includes work-relief wages in his total "on the presumption that the workers have performed an economic service, that the results are economically beneficial, and that wages are in accordance with the value of services rendered.

"It should be noted," he goes on, "that the relative increase in odd jobs during the depression may result in an overstatement of the decline in income paid out. The probable expansion of services in the home, which were formerly purchased in the markets, results in a decrease in the estimates, whereas the yield of these services may have increased."

Significant Feature

One of the most significant features of Mr. Nathan's report is the indication he sees of "a marked decline" in business losses in both 1933 and 1934, which, in 1932, were estimated at $10,000,000,000. These were estimated at $5,000,000,000 in 1933, and about $2,500,000,000 in 1934.

"Since the national income produced is estimated by adding business earnings to, or deducting losses from, income paid out," writes Mr. Nathan, "the above evidence indicates an increase in the national income produced of approximately $6,000,000,000 to $7,000,000,000 from 1933 to 1934, bringing the income-produced total to a level about $2,000,000,000 below the income paid out.

"Indexes of prices shed considerable light on the effect of price movements on fluctuations of the national income, but they are not sufficiently representative to warrant their use in deflating the income figures in order to determine the drop in real income," continued Mr. Nathan. "The substantially greater decline of income payments as compared with prices does, however, indicate a marked decline in real income during the depression.

"While income paid out declined 43 per cent. from 1929 to 1933, the Bureau of Labor statistics indexes of the cost of living and wholesale prices decreased 23 per cent. and 41 per cent., respectively. The net decline from 1929 to 1934 income paid out was 37 per cent., as compared with a decrease of 20 per cent. in the cost of living and 21 per cent. in the level of wholesale prices."

Agricultural Income

Agricultural income was estimated at $3,299,000,000 in 1934, an increase of about 10 per cent. from $2,993,000,000 in 1933. These figures are much below those for other years, except 1932, and compare with an income of $6,157,000,000 in 1929.

However, Mr. Nathan finds that "there is evidence of a much larger increase in the total income produced than in the income paid out in this industry in 1934. The marked improvement in the price of agricultural commodities, and the disbursement of over one-half a billion dollars in rental and benefit-payments by the Agricultural Adjustment Administration, which are included in these estimates as an item in the gross scheme of farmers, led to a substantial gain in the net income available for the return on the farm operators' labor, management and capital."

National Income, Paid Out From 1929 to 1934

The following table, prepared by Robert R. Nathan, Chief of the Bureau of Economic Research of the Department of Commerce, appeared in the New York Times. *It shows the national income paid out, by types of payment.*

(In millions of dollars)

Type of Payment	1929	1930	1931	1932	1933	1934
Total income paid out	$78,576	$72,973	$61,433	$47,964	$44,431	$49,440
Labor income	51,088	46,844	39,444	30,643	29,121	33,109
Salaries (selected industries) (a)	5,664	5,551	4,606	3,387	2,997	3,196
Wages (selected industries) (a)	17,197	14,251	10,608	7,017	7,189	8,944
Salaries and wages (all other industries)	27,291	26,052	23,148	19,141	17,325	18,675
Work relief wages (b)	.....	.....	.....	.....	637	1,394
Other labor income	936	990	1,082	1,098	973	900
Property income (c)	11,632	11,719	10,076	8,189	6,995	7,143
Dividends	5,963	5,794	4,312	2,749	2,042	2,307
Interest	5,104	5,310	5,228	5,048	4,569	4,509
Net rents and royalties	3,432	2,763	1,847	1,153	950	1,085
Entrepreneurial withdrawals	12,424	11,647	10,066	7,979	7,365	8,103

(a) Includes mining, manufacturing, construction, steam railroads, Pullman, railway express and water transportation.

(b) Includes pay-rolls and maintenance of Civilian Conservation Corps enrolees and pay-rolls of Civil Works Administration and Federal Emergency Relief Administration work projects plus administrative pay-rolls outside of Washington.

(c) Includes net balance of international flow of property incomes.

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Alien "Shake-Down"

Government Presses Investigation of Naturalization Racketeers

Details of a new kind of racket which extends from Ellis Island into virtually every large city in the country, and levies a yearly toll of more than $1,000,000, were disclosed last week by American immigration authorities.

Since 1921, when the first of America's strict quota-laws was passed, the problem of the alien immigrant in this country has become increasingly serious. Three months ago, the illegal entry of aliens became so great a concern to the Government that a special investigation was started under the direction of Samuel H. Kaufman, Special Assistant to the Attorney General.

For a long time the investigators had little more to work with than unconfirmed suspicions. Then Mr. Kaufman enlisted the services of an "expert" in this particular field of underworld activity, a former Brooklyn politician, it is reported, who had served two years of a four-year term as one of twenty-five men convicted during a similar investigation in 1932.

Racket Described

Here is the "expert's" description of the racket yielding a substantial income to a group which Kaufman is bent on breaking up. The first object of an immigrant who either has been smuggled into the country, or has entered legally, is to get his naturalization papers.

He applies to a "political" club, or to a small, illegitimate steamship-agency, or any one of a number of organizations eager to be of "service."

These organizations refer him to a racketeer, who helps him to obtain citizenship papers through faked records. The cost of this "service" ranges from $50 to $2,500. But payment does not stop there. In addition to paying for faked records, aliens entering the country illegally are blackmailed regularly under the threat of being exposed to immigration authorities.

Press Gives Support

Newspaper opinion is strongly behind the Government's investigation of immigration racketeers. Federal investigators should give no quarter in the fight they are making on the vicious practise, the Indianapolis *Star* says.

"Those involved are not only blackmailing their victims, but are committing a crime against this country's immigration laws. Either offense should be enough to put the guilty back of the bars for long terms.

"Some arrests have been made, and others are in prospect. Men under suspicion include several employed at Ellis Island, and agents in practically every large city in the country."

Mr. Kaufman claims that he already has sufficient evidence to convict ten government employees at Ellis Island. He has promised immunity to all aliens who will testify against the extortionists.

"Take It as Scouts, With Chins Up"

Boys So Told by Chief on Learning National Jamboree Is Canceled Because of Danger of Infantile Paralysis

Wide World

Daniel Carter Beard, eighty-five, founder of the Boy Scouts of America

Sad news came last week to 25,000 American boys who for several weeks had been cutting lawns, washing windows, sweeping sidewalks, and performing other odd jobs, hoping to earn the $25 fee to take them to the National Boy Scout Jamboree in Washington on August 21. The news was that the meeting had been called off by President Roosevelt.

This action was taken because of the prevalence of infantile paralysis in Virginia, within 100 miles of the Capital. Tho the number of cases was not large enough to be considered alarming, it was decided that it would be "to the best interests of all concerned" to cancel the Jamboree.

The personal element may not have entered into the President's decision, but, nevertheless, it was noted that the disease from which he sought to protect the Scouts is the one which struck him in 1921, leaving him partially paralyzed, and which since then has played a dramatic part in his life. Largely benefited by treatment at Warm Springs, Georgia, the President has devoted considerable time to combating the disease throughout the nation.

Work Halted

Cancelation of the Jamboree called an immediate halt to the work being done by Army engineers on the tent-village which was to house the 25,000 American Scouts, and their visitors from many lands. The encampment was to have occupied 300 acres along the Potomac, and was to have been completely equipped with a telephone-exchange, a newspaper, a publicity-bureau, and a broadcasting-station.

Plans had been made for a grand opening with a review of the Scouts by the President on Constitution Avenue, and a welcoming speech by him later on the same day. Tho these plans have been discarded, the President will talk to the Scouts by radio. The address will be given on the evening of August 21, and will be the same one he had planned to deliver in person at Washington.

To take the place of the Jamboree, many cities in the South are making preparations for a series of "camporees." These will be small gatherings conducted in a manner similar to a general jamboree.

Announcement of the cancelation came too late to halt contingents of Scouts already on their way to Washington from England, France, and even China.

It is expected that the foreign delegations will be entertained at Regional Scout Encampments, such as the one operated by the Boy Scout Foundation of New York, where 10,000 boys may camp at the same time. There are more than fifty reservations within 100 miles of New York City with ample room for visiting delegations.

"Deep Regret"

The Jamboree, at which Daniel Carter Beard, founder of the Boy Scouts of America, was to have been Honorary Chief, was not called off until the latest possible moment in the hope that the epidemic would have run its course.

The President made his decision "with very deep regret" following a conference with Dr. Hugh S. Cumming, Surgeon General of the Public Health Service, Commissioner George E. Allen, of the District of Columbia, and Dr. James E. West, Chief Scout Executive. In his explanation to the Scouts of the reasons for the cancelation of the Jamboree, Doctor West said:

"Please spread the news, and let's take it as Scouts—with chins up."

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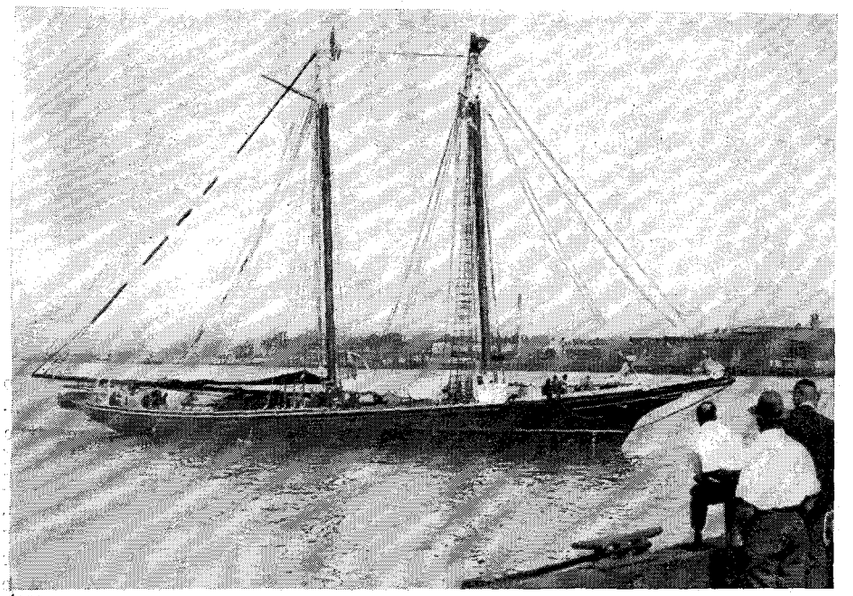
He Answers Call of the Arctic

Bob Bartlett, Hero of Many Northern Adventures, Again Cruising Amid Ice-Floes on the Famous* Effie M. Morrissey; *Bachelor Sea-Dog Never Sailed With Women Aboard

Somewhere near Disco, a barren, lofty island half-way along the blade-shaped western coast of Greenland, the schooner *Effie M. Morrissey* is sailing this week, winding up a summer's exploration.

In her hold is the beginning of a collection of fish, birds, and animals of the Far North which she will bring back to civilization when she docks in New York late next month, or early in October.

On her deck are nine students, paying guests, who are learning about the arctic at first hand. And the bridge is presided over by Capt. Robert Abram Bartlett, squat, solid 210-pound veteran of the North.



Acme

When Captain Bartlett's schooner, Effie M. Morrissey, *left for Greenland*

Captain Bartlett (see cover) is the kind of a man about whom legends gather. Powerful, heavy-set, with a voice that booms even when he is trying to speak softly; a quaint, Elizabethan manner of speaking, and a powerful love of the sea, he probably knows more about the arctic than any man living.

"I do love the sea as a dog loves its master, in spite of the clouts he gives it," he tells you. He has been going down to the sea for more than forty years; has been twelve times shipwrecked, four times caught in the ice.

Honored for Bravery

In 1913, for example, he joined a Canadian Government arctic expedition, as captain of the Canadian Government's ship *Karluk*. The ship was caught and crushed in January, 1914, near Wrangel Island, 400 miles north of the arctic circle.

With seventeen members of the expedition, he succeeded in crossing the ice of the island. There he left fifteen, with supplies, and, taking the others, together with an Eskimo guide, pushed on more than 200 miles to Siberia.

Eight months after leaving the party at Wrangel he returned, with rescuers. A year later, on September 12, 1915, he reached Nome, Alaska, with thirteen of the original seventeen, having shown such conspicuous bravery and good leadership that the Royal Geographic Society made a special point of honoring him.

He celebrated by becoming an American citizen, and, during the War, served as Marine Superintendent, Army Transport Service, New York. After the Armistice, he found himself with nothing to do, and no money.

He went to New York, scouring around for a berth, and there met Commodore James B. Ford, of the Larchmont Yacht Club.

Fishes and Explores

"He looked," said Commodore Ford, "like a lost soul." Asked why he didn't go sealing, or cod-fishing, Captain Bartlett replied, in his booming voice: "I haven't got enough money to buy a rowboat, let alone a schooner," whereupon Commodore Ford bought him the aged *Effiie M. Morrissey*.

The first summer with his new possession, Captain Bartlett fished, and lost money. "However," he declared, "we had a damned fine sail."

Since then, he has made a living by chartering out his schooner to rich men, and their sons, for fishing and exploration trips to the North. On his own initiative he studies currents for the United States Hydrographic Office, gathers collections of the flora and fauna of the North for museums, aquaria, and zoos, and gets his fill of exploring in mysterious Upper Greenland.

Tho the adventure of the *Karluk* was his most heroic exploit, Captain Bartlett is best known as the man who commanded the *Roosevelt*, Rear Admiral Peary's ship, when the famous explorer made his successful attempt to reach the north pole in 1909.

He had commanded the *Roosevelt* previously, in 1905, when Admiral Peary failed. In 1909, by courage and resourcefulness, he succeeded in getting the ship far enough north to make the explorer's venture successful. But when Peary came to select companions for the actual journey to the pole, he took Matt Henson, a negro member of the crew.

Captain Bob's friends were angered at this apparent slight, but he silenced them with the blunt remark: "The Admiral knows his business: I'm a better sailor than Matt, but he's a better dog-driver."

The fact was that Admiral Peary left Captain Bartlett behind as second in command because he had great faith in the rugged Newfoundlander. If anything happened, the Admiral felt certain that his lieutenant would get his men and word of his accomplishments back to civilization.

"He's a Brigus Man"

Bob Bartlett was born in Brigus, Newfoundland, in 1875. The Bartletts were fishing for cod off Newfoundland when Thomas Jefferson was President of the United States.

Bob's mother intended him for the ministry, and he dutifully attended the Methodist College at St. John's. But love of the sea could not be denied; at seventeen he was hunting seal. When he was eighteen, his father gave him a schooner, explaining, "He's a Brigus man."

He got his first taste of polar exploration in 1897, when he was engaged with his uncle, Samuel, aboard Admiral Peary's *Windward*. In 1901, he went on a hunting expedition in Hudson Bay. After that the North was in his blood.

The present voyage is his forty-second to the Far North; the *Effie M. Morrissey's* ninth.

He never has married. "Women?" he says, with a wink, "They break your heart."

Legend has it that he once proposed to a Newfoundland girl, and she accepted him with such haste that he backed out of the bargain. She wanted to get married at once, whereas he wished first to complete the six years of service aboard merchant vessels required by the British Board of Trade for a master mariner's license.

The only woman in his life is his mother, who lives at Brigus. When the *Morrissey* sailed on her present trip, last June 24, she carried a special gift from his mother —a Guernsey cow.

"Women are bad luck at sea," he sometimes remarks, "but they are equally good luck on the beach." He never has let a woman sail on his ship.

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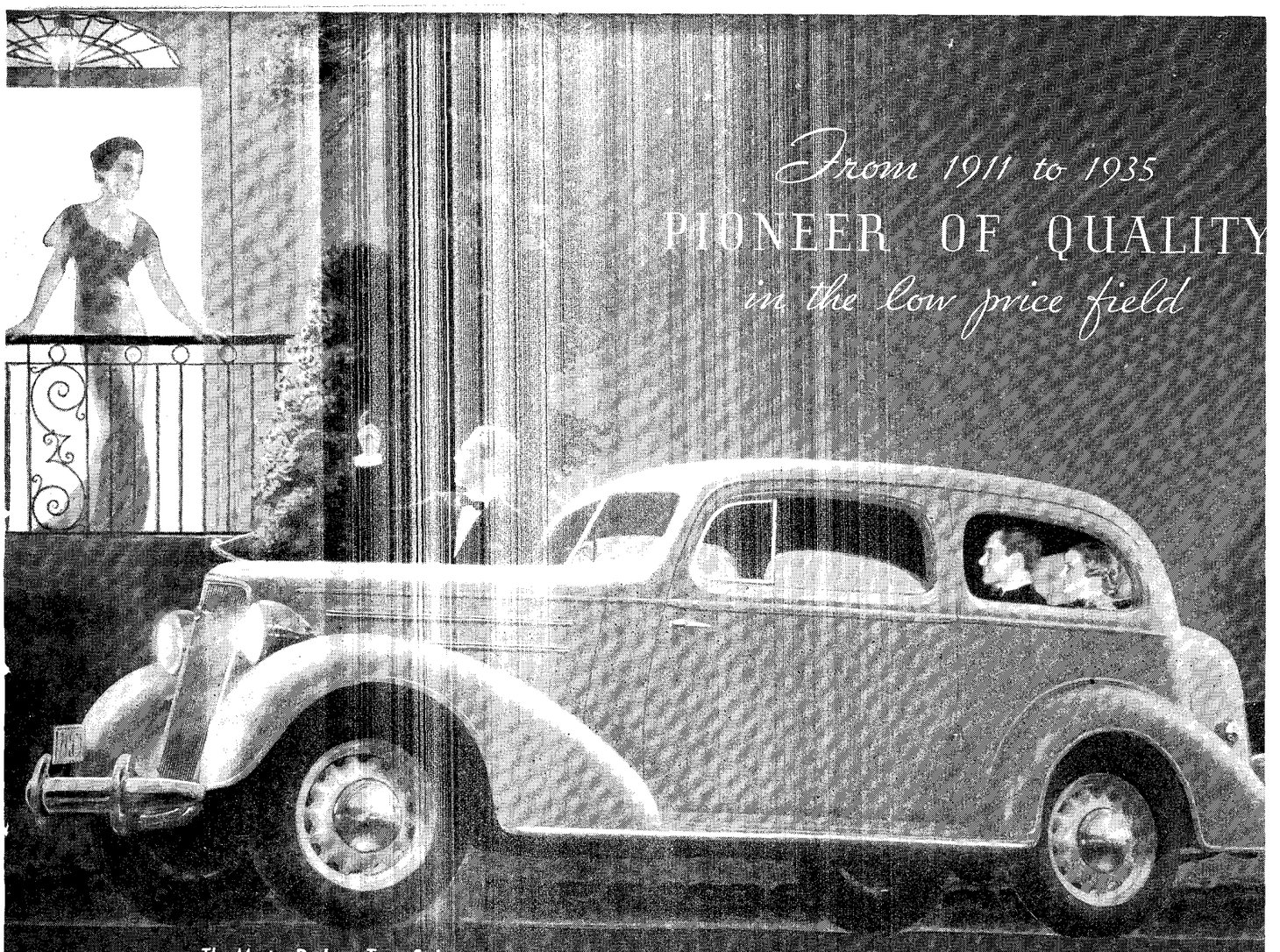

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FOR nearly a quarter of a century—from the building of the first Chevrolet to the building of the 1935 Master De Luxe models—Chevrolet has led the way in bringing modern, up-to-date transportation to the low-price field. Turn your mind back over the years and you will find that Chevrolet has pioneered improvement after improvement in low-priced cars. Smartly-styled closed bodies . . . the Syncro-Mesh Transmission . . . the Knee-Action Ride . . . solid steel Turret-Top construction, and many other improvements of the first importance, all have originated with Chevrolet. Many motor car builders have pioneered one new feature or a series of new features, but it is perfectly true to say that Chevrolet has pioneered *quality* for the entire low-price field. And, of course, you get the highest development of Chevrolet beauty, comfort, performance and economy in the Master De Luxe Chevrolet for 1935. Examine this distinguished motor car . . . ride in it . . . and choose *Chevrolet* for quality at low cost!

CHEVROLET MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

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Answering Lure of the Unknown

Gold of Sunken British Frigate Sought in New York's East River; Lusitania's *Treasure-Hunt; Ever-Exploring Youth*

Ever since that first couple, consumed with overwhelming curiosity in a garden, stole the forbidden fruit of a tree, the desire to seek and explore has occupied a corner of the hearts of all men. When that desire is overwhelming the Drakes, Magellans, and Columbuses come to the fore.

Sometimes the urge leads to the discovery of new stars and planets. Without those born with the explorer's soul, science would be at a standstill; medicine scarcely would exist; surgery would be unknown; mankind would be little more than kindred to the ape.

To-day, as ever, men are seeking hidden goals in various fields. Some seek only knowledge; some want fame; others are driven by the most popular fascination of all: the search for hidden treasure, or gold.

Within a stone's throw of the sky-scrapers of Manhattan, a full-fledged treasure-hunt is under way. Directed by Simon Lake, submarine constructor, an attempt is being made to locate the British frigate, *Hussar*, which sank in the East River near 132d Street in 1780, with a reputed two and one-half to four and one-half million dollars.

The treasure, allegedly in gold, is said to have been consigned to Army and Navy paymasters of forces engaged in warfare against George Washington's men.

The *Hussar* lies under seventy feet of water, and ten feet of silt. To locate her accurately is no easy task, but Mr. Lake believes he has succeeded. Discovery of the ship is, however, only half the battle.

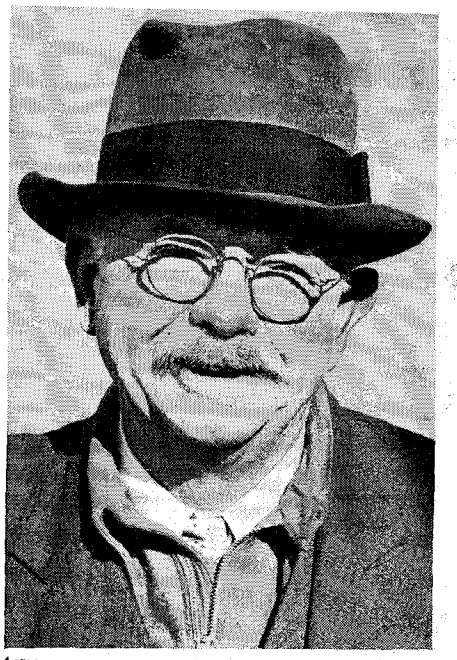
The treacherous and swift currents of Hell Gate, in the immediate vicinity, make it virtually impossible to work from a surface-tender. Mr. Lake is planning to use his baby submarine, *Explorer*, and a hinged steel tube which he calls a "vacuum-cleaner."

Inventor's Quest

Mr. Lake, with a true inventor's heart, is not interested so much in discovering the treasure aboard the *Hussar*. He is not sure it even exists. He is more concerned with proving the worth of his salvage-submarine, and his "vacuum-tube."

His whole life has been devoted to inventing and building undersea craft. At ten, in Pleasantville, New Jersey, following a fascinated reading of Jules Verne's "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea," he began his career as a submarine-builder when, on the Toms River, he tried to operate an overturned rowboat as a submarine. Fortunately for him a fisherman was near-by.

It was not, however, until he was twenty-eight that he had anything tangible to show for his dreams. It was then, at Atlantic Highlands, New Jersey, that he launched his first real submarine, a crude, wooden contraption, smeared with tar, and propelled by a hand-crank. But it worked, and he was encouraged. Since that day he has produced, year after year, bigger and better underwater craft.



Acme

Simon Lake, treasure-hunter under the shadows of sky-scrapers

Unlike the alert, weather-beaten, sixty-eight-year-old inventor, those on board the five-hundred-ton *Orphir*, now tossing about on the stormy waters off Kinsale Head, Ireland, are not interested in proving the worth of a new salvaging device. Their goal is to reach the gold, diamonds, and jewelry believed to be in the locked safes of the ill-fated *Lusitania*, torpedoed on May 7, 1915, with the loss of 1,198 lives.

She is a rich prize. If Captain Russell, commanding the expedition, is successful in salvaging the treasure, he will be able, also, to settle the question as to whether or not the *Lusitania* was carrying munitions when she was sunk by a German submarine.

Capt. Henry Bell Russell served as an officer in the British Navy during the World War. He is a veteran of pearl-diving work in the Persian Gulf.

In the field of science, research and exploration never cease. This summer, the California Institute of Technology hopes to obtain further data on the cosmic ray, when four expeditions, working in New Zealand, the Philippines, Texas, and on Pike's Peak, begin operations.

Treasure-hunters, land-mappers, inventors, scientists, explorers all. The urge to discover the undiscovered, the hidden lands beyond the hills, is not confined to them alone. Nor does age hinder.

Last week, nine-year-old, barefooted Johnny Crawford turned up on the steps of the White House in Washington, tired and hungry. He had "ridden the rods" from Charlotte, North Carolina, with the idea of calling on the President, who had called him "my friend" over the radio. Police found him, fed him, arranged to send him home. But Johnny is definitely one of the clan.

"Shanty-Boaters"

Spend Lives Drifting Down Mississippi and Ohio Rivers

The Father of Waters, better known as the Mississippi River, annually plays host to a number of nomads who build themselves crude "shanty boats," and placidly, peacefully, and idly drift down its great length to find rest at last in New Orleans. Here they stay until the winter is over, when they migrate North to repeat the hegira again.

There are many varieties of "shanty-boaters" on both the Mississippi and Ohio Rivers, from the drifting hobo to the itinerant workman who builds his cabin on a barge, and lives there with his family, unharassed by ground-rent or taxes, free to come or go as he may please.

The latter usually is a solid citizen who resents being called a "shanty-boater," a term he feels should be applied only to that great army of the unwashed, both men and women, who ply the river, and are not overscrupulous about what they help themselves to free of charge, nor from whom they pilfer.

A fine example of river "homesteaders" are the Phil. Sheldons, described by J. A. Emmett in *The West Virginia Review*. He met them when he tied up his boat close to theirs one evening near Gallipolis, Ohio, and accepted an invitation from Mr. Sheldon to go aboard.

"'Few good-looking boats come along,' Mrs. Sheldon said, 'and we won't have anything to do with the others.'

"'Folks up the bank, you know, think every one who lives on a boat is a shanty-boater,' put in her husband as he puffed away at his pipe. 'Not that I blame them much,' he added.

"'It's the only life tho,' argued Mrs. Sheldon. . . ."

And so it would seem to be, not only for people like the Sheldons, but for those others who consort freely with the almost amphibian inhabitants of the hidden lakes and deep black bayous, an abandoned territory which lies outside the levees of the Mississippi, along the western side from Cairo, in Illinois, to the Gulf of Mexico, and, on the right, from Memphis to Vicksburg.

Crime Prevalent

A lawless crowd are many of these inhabitants of the black swamps: They live a life apart from the rest of the world. Crime, even murder, often goes unpunished, because they hide their secrets so well.

One notable conviction for murder was recorded when one Tod Lamb shot Benny Marks; and that was a freak of chance, Harris Dickson writes in *Collier's*. The foreman on a construction job, looking over operations through powerful binoculars from a tower, saw the actual shooting of Marks by Lamb.

He telephoned Sheriff Andrew Sevier at Tallulah, Louisiana, twenty miles away. Sevier, by fast motor-boat, came upon the killer and his accomplices, two women: Lamb's wife, whom Lamb was planning to murder later, and the dead man's widow, as they were burying the corpse.

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SECOND SPUD LIMERICK CONTEST • CLOSING SEPTEMBER 17

$3,350 IN PRIZES

for LIMERICKS!

WRITE A "LAST LINE" and win $1000.00 IN CASH

A grizzled old diver named Lee
When lifted up out of the sea
Said, "A gay mermaid queen
Smoking Spuds I have seen
??????????????????

1006 chances to win a prize. First prize, $1000.00.
438 additional cash prizes. And 567 cartons of Spuds.

THIS CONTEST CLOSES SEPTEMBER 17, 1935

Get out your pencils, Mr. and Mrs. John K. American. Here's a contest after your own hearts. For a good old laugh, there's nothing like writing a limerick. Any one can do it. And *some one's* suggestion for the little "last line" is going to be awarded $1000.00 in cash. And for those who don't win the first prize, there are 438 additional cash awards—from $200.00 on down. And, for good measure, 567 cartons of Spuds.

ALL YOU HAVE TO DO

These contests are our way of getting you acquainted with Spud—*America's most refreshing cigarette.* We want you to discover for yourself how different its clean, fresh taste is from any cigarette you've ever known.

So get a pack of Spuds, cut off the face of the package, and write on the inside of the package-face your "last line" for the limerick above (you don't have to copy the whole limerick). Sign it with your name and address and mail it so that it reaches us by Sept. 17. You can send in as many "last lines" as you have package fronts. And that's all there is to it.

PRIZES GALORE

This isn't a "long shot" contest. You have 1006 opportunities to win—*for each "last line" you send in.* And, remember, you can send in just as many as you have Spud package fronts. If you send in ten "missing lines," for instance, you'll have 10,060 chances at the prizes.

But two things we can *guarantee* you'll win. A lot of fun out of the limericks themselves. And a brand-new experience in smoking pleasure. For Spud's not only the cigarette that invented a fresh, clean-tasting smoker's mouth. It's the cigarette whose secret formula unmasked an *entirely new flavor* in mellow tobacco, by ridding it of taste-spoiling heat. That's why Spud smokers say you can smoke them all around the clock—and each one will taste better than the last.

OFFICIAL CONTEST RULES

1. Any one can enter (except employees of The Axton-Fisher Tobacco Co., their advertising agents, or their families).

2. Write your "last line" of the limerick on the reverse side of a Spud package front (or a facsimile thereof), sign it with your full name and address, and send by first-class mail to *Contest Dept. J, The Axton-Fisher Tobacco Company, Int., Louisville, Ky., in time for it to be received by Sept. 17, 1935.*

3. You may enter as many "last lines" as you wish, if they are all written on separate Spud package fronts (or facsimiles).

4. Prizes will be awarded on cleverness and aptness of the "last lines." Neatness and simplicity will count—elaborateness is unnecessary. Judges' decisions must be accepted as final. In case of ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded.

5. All entries become the property of the Company.

1006 PRIZES!

439 of them in cash!

First prize	$1000.00 cash
Second prize	200.00 cash
Third prize	100.00 cash
Fourth prize	100.00 cash
10 prizes of $25.00	250.00 cash
425 prizes of $2.00	850.00 cash
567 prizes of a carton of Spuds	850.50
1006 prizes	$3350.50

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CIGARETTES
CORK TIP OR PLAIN
15c FOR 20
(20c IN CANADA)

THE AXTON-FISHER TOBACCO COMPANY, INC., LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

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All Doors But One Swing Wide to Youth

Veteran Actors, Led by William Gaxton, Plead With Parents and Their Own Profession to Facilitate Opportunities for Young in the Theater and Motion-Picture Studios

Through the dour, sable cloth spun by the long depression there coursed, in this country, a single, bright-red thread of hope. It was the concentrated determination to do something to keep alive the glowing ambitions of youth. Indeed, so concentrated and nationally recognized was this urge that there was neither difficulty nor error in labeling the whole structure a Youth Movement.

Undergraduates, confusedly awaiting the swift approach of their dismissal from learning, and their début in the areas of business, were strengthened and given purpose by organized underwriting of the one definite asset in their possession: their youth. In sports, science, literature, commerce, and, to an extent, the arts, every possible help was strewn before them by elders committed to the credo that ultimate salvation lay in these young hands.

Two of the arts sullenly held back, altho one for two decades marketed in youth, and the other, for a similar period, had been the source-point of youth-talent. The forbidding arts were, in order, motion-pictures and the legitimate theater. The result has been a cold stoppage of the fresh talents required to keep these arts vigorous and alive.

Relied on Veterans

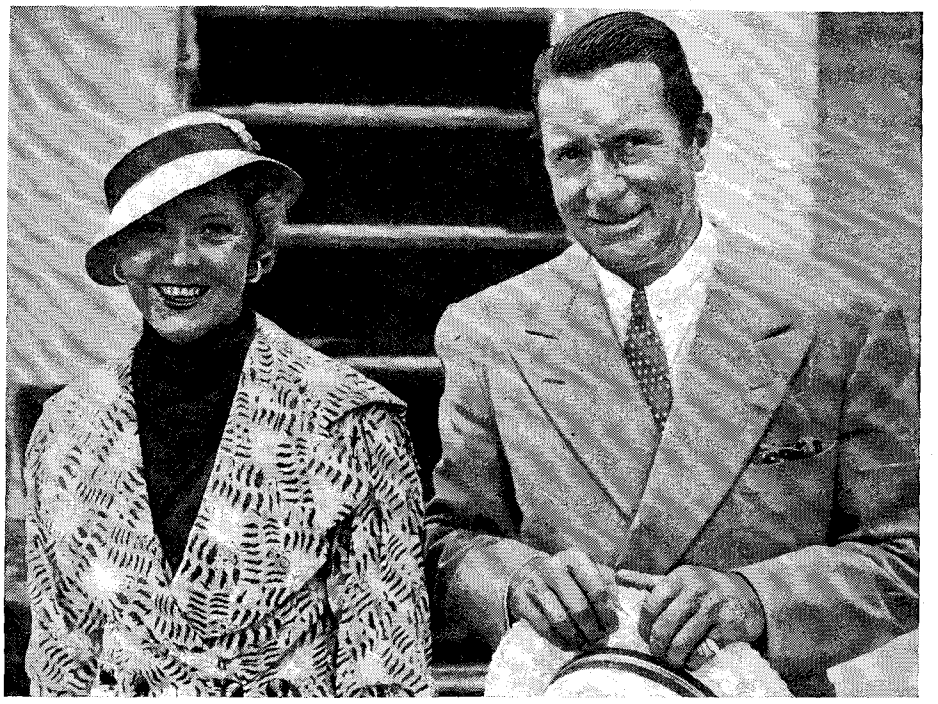
Thus, while all other doors of enterprise swung open to youth and invited its participation, two, which, in reality, are one, remained firmly shut and double-locked. Acting, as an art and profession, became more and more inaccessible, and, in the theater, as box-office returns became more meager, managers relied more on trusted, veteran players. They did not want to gamble on youth, to foster new personalities, and reinvigorate the theater.

They were afraid the dwindling public would dwindle further, the theory being that established personalities alone could attract customers. There were, of course, isolated instances of young talents receiving encouragement, but these were so fearfully isolated as to amount to miracles.

Some proof of this stoppage is found in the recent brisk growth of community and collegiate Little Theaters, where definite, authentic young talents, locked out of the professional theater, find outlet.

A young eagerness to be a painter, a sculptor, a wood-carver, or, even, a manufacturer of cotton cloth, is no less fierce because it is an eagerness to act, and, certainly, should receive equal encouragement. The era when acting was frowned upon as a profession both frivolous and somewhat lacking in moral stamina long since has passed.

Actors, most of them renowned stars, have taken over the function which reasonably might have been the task of managers.



Acme

William Gaxton and Mrs. Gaxton, the actress, Madeline Cameron

They have realized that their own vogue, at best, is passing, that their own value to the theater must wither. They see about them a chill disregard for clamoring young talent on the part of managers, and a discouraging indifference by parents.

Gaxton Heads List

William Gaxton, musical comedy star, renowned for his portrait of *President Wintergreen* in the Pulitzer prize-winning "Of Thee I Sing" and its sequel, "Let 'Em Eat Cake," and, now, star of "Anything Goes," is in the concerned forefront of players who fear for the future of the theater if barriers against youth are maintained.

Like others, he has no fear of youth's competition; he welcomes it as a tonic and a prop for the doubtful times which lie ahead for the professional theater.

Black-haired, flashing teeth as white as yacht-paint, filled with a natural exuberance which never quite wears itself out, he frowns only when he sees a young talent battering at the gates of the New York theater, and getting nothing in return but a sneer and badly bruised knuckles. His own experience at the frantic work of battering comes out in a sentence yielded by an interview.

"I know about youth, and what used to be done for it: listen, I came to town with thirty-five cents in my pocket, the one without the hole in it, and, now, I change my clothes fifty-eight times a day. That sounds like a joke, but it's true. The part I'm in requires the changes, but, if I hadn't rammed my skull at this town, and this business, I wouldn't have it."

"Difficult as it was," he continued, "it was easy compared to what faces kids to-day. In those days we had enough vaudeville-circuits to give an ambitious, talented boy or girl hundreds of weeks on tour, during every day of which they learned something about their profession. To-day's great comedians found their training there and in burlesque.

"Let's not snicker. To-day's burlesque isn't what I mean. In those days burlesque was more of a musical comedy type of entertainment. Lillian Russell was of yesterday's variety. She wouldn't be seen in the same street with it if she were alive to-day. Between burlesque and variety such players as Victor Moore, Jack Benny, Burns and Allen, Eddie Cantor, George Jessel, Will Rogers, Joe Cook, Sophie Tucker, Irene Franklin, Mae West, and, if you insist, myself, and hosts of others were developed.

Ultimate Training-School

"Stock companies in hundreds of cities developed dramatic players. Vaudeville was the ultimate training-school. Vaudeville perished, burlesque, the old burlesque, degenerated, and motion-pictures dominated the theatrical scene.

"They did, in the silent days, develop their own stars, the Pickfords, Walthals, Bunnys, and the like. Then talking-pictures came, and created a panic. The silent stars couldn't or wouldn't speak lines.

"Broadway was raided for actors able to read dialog from a script and deliver it with some conviction, with dramatic force. More raids came, and, in time, the theater was virtually denuded. And, so far as I can see,

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the theater hasn't done much to help itself out of an extremely sour pickle.

"We must yield the talking-films one thing: when they no longer could raid for important actors with established names, they set about doing what, thus far, the theater-managers haven't even started to do: they reached in and took raw youngsters whose talents still were slightly obscured by inexperience, and developed them. But not enough of these. The films, like the theater, still place reliance on trusted, dependable veterans.

"Let's name some kids the theater let slip through its fingers, youngsters the theater could use desperately right now: Pat O'Brien, Marguerite Churchill, Spencer Tracy, and Katharine Hepburn. And that resolute, grand old veteran—Guy Kibbee.

Stage Will Wizen

"If we continue discouraging youth, if parents continue to forbid the theater as a profession for their talented children, the stage definitely will wizen, and, in turn, so must the films. Pictures have killed their best training-school by so draining it of competent players that it becomes increasingly difficult to cast a stage-play in adequate manner. We have often to send back to California and plead for temporary release from Hollywood of the actor obviously perfect for the rôle in mind."

What, then, was the quickest, shortest way out of a situation definitely perilous to both stage and screen?

"This peculiarly vicious circle of raiding and borrowing was created by the policy of buying actors instead of developing them. The power of money, as mere money, has come to an end. Just as the farmer can not always harvest, but must, in their seasons, plow, plant, weed, and cultivate, so must some one arrange to let an actor get the schooling the finished product must have.

"There are two ways of doing it: an increased use of foreign players, since Europe still offers proper training to the talented and ambitious, and an agreement between theater and screen to work together in the molding of new personalities for performance use.

Youth the Key

"Youth is the key to the latter. If we admit youth, which we must, or get around in time to scraping our casts out of old people's homes, we must do it at once, and with broad smiles of welcome.

"To be frank, I am so earnestly for this that I wish every parent of an ambitious child could see it with me. There is, for such a child, given training and opportunity, wealth, happiness, glamour, if you will, and contentment ahead."

Avon Swan's Classics Brought to the Screen

Erich Wolfgang Korngold, enthusiastic, plunging Viennese composer who, some months ago, toiled with Max Reinhardt over a motion-picture version of Shakespeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream," is on his way to Hollywood to convince film-makers that the Swan of Avon's classics are tremendously exciting items for the screen. In his favor he has the recently completed camera-form of "Midsummer Night's Dream," and, against him, he has a good share of Hollywood's population, plus the veteran Shakespearian actor, Walter Hampden.

Korngold adapted Mendelssohn's original music for "Midsummer Night's Dream."

Acme

Walter Hampden, who wants Shakespeare saved from Hollywood

The composer, known at the spraddling-age of twelve as "Baby Mozart," is so elated by what he has heard of the finished picture that he believes the industry is ripe for a cycle of Shakespearian films. Particularly, he wants to whet up an appetite for "Twelfth Night" and "Hamlet."

He will have hard going with Mr. Hampden, who is definitely against the use of Shakespeare on the screen, and has said so right in Hollywood, repeating it again in Pasadena, where he told audiences at the Community Playhouse:

"The glory of Shakespeare—the thing which makes Shakespeare's plays what they are—is his poetry, and the thought behind his poetry. These plays can not be 'movieized' so as to be kept within the time-limits demanded by picture-houses except by cutting the text so that they no longer would be Shakespeare's plays.

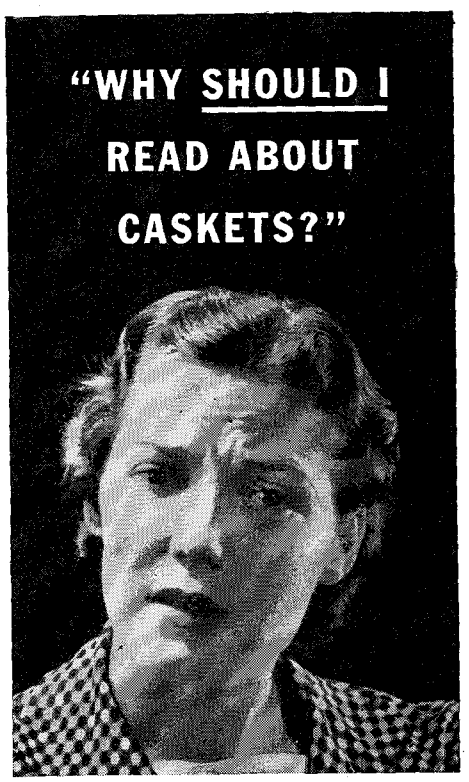
"The stories of these plays are not especially novel. The themes and plots have been used in one form or another time and again. . . . The suggestion recently made that these plays should be 'rewritten' for the screen is about the last straw.

"I shudder to think what would happen to 'To be or not to be' in 'Hamlet,' or 'Out, out brief candle' in 'Macbeth,' if placed at the tender mercies of a Hollywood writer.

"These plays should never be pictured until the time comes when producers have the imagination and the courage to screen them as they are written."

To which Korngold answers:

"I was surprized how easily Shakespeare lends himself to the movies. . . . They left the original Shakespeare, and they left the original Mendelssohn. It's a miracle. It's artistic."



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Exotic

From those exotic Hawaiian Isles, so rich in color, so startling in contrasts, so enchanting in fragrance, comes DOLE Pineapple Juice—one of Nature's most glamorous drinks. Words cannot describe the spicy aroma, the sprightly flavor, the exhilaration of this pure juice from sun-ripe pineapples. You must taste DOLE Pineapple Juice for yourself to understand fully its delicious goodness! Hawaiian Pineapple Co., Ltd., Honolulu, Hawaii. Sales Offices: 215 Market Street, San Francisco, Calif.

Among the Outstanding Books

Winter Orchard, and Other Stories. By Josephine Johnson. [New York: Simon and Schuster; $2.50.]

Twenty-five-year-old Josephine Johnson, of Webster Grove, Missouri, who won the Pulitzer Prize last spring with her first novel, "Now in November," has collected twenty-two of her short stories and sketches into a volume which she calls by a title strikingly similar to her previous choice. Young as she is, she writes always in a mood suggestive of the year's close.

"The living heart accepts and does not splinter," she writes in one of these stories. That is her mood; her characters are people cheated of life, who yet make peace with the world—somehow finding, often in the endless return of the seasons, a kind of sad, renunciatory pleasure.

She writes beautifully, but, in her prose, as in the winter orchard, beauty lies not so much in the stripped present as in the memory-echoes of brighter days.

"A woman remembers much detail, marks calendars, recalls trivial anniversaries," one of her characters says. "A month ago we did this or that, walked by the river, spoke of the willow-pattern against the sky. You say we remember because we have less to do."

Remembering Women

Of such remembering-women Josephine Johnson writes—of the maid of sixteen who feels that all beauty has gone out of life; of the girl at the county-fair, watching for her lover, wondering if all those fat old men and women were once as light-footed as mule-colts; of a woman of forty, who discovered that her family would rather eat ill-cooked food lightly, without her, than partake of her perfect food with her fussing over it; of the sister who felt that she had helped *Mary* by burning her shiftless lover's letters before she saw them.

And of defeated men, such as the old farmer, who, charitably and hopelessly, watched his wife fall in love with another man; and of the blind man, who, restored to vision, thought blindness was returning when evening fell.

In Josephine Johnson's writing something of that aching oneness with the green fields and hillsides sings, as it did so memorably in Willa Cather's early Nebraska stories. But it sings always in the still, small voice of defeat, never with the lusty triumph of Miss Cather's immigrant heroines of the Western farms. She writes, at twenty-five, as a woman of seventy-five, looking backward over the years, should write.

Worth Reading

Land Under England. By Joseph O'Neill. (New York: Simon and Schuster; $2.) A fantastic thriller, akin to the early romances of H. G. Wells, but shot through with Irish poetry.

All the Young Men. By Oliver LaFarge. (Boston: Houghton, Mifflin Co.; $2.50.) Stories by the author of "Laughing Boy."

The Wedge. By Herman B. Deutsch. (New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co.; $2.50.) A novel of distinction about love, blood, beauty, and revolution in Mexico.

Schoolhouse in the Foothills. By Ella Enslowe and Alvin Harlow. Illustrations by Thomas Benton. (New York: Simon and Schuster; $2.) Tennessee's mountain-whites pictured by the school-teacher. An old and ever-new American story.

North to the Orient. By Anne Morrow Lindbergh. [New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company; $2.50.]

There is a magic of flying, akin to "what one experiences standing in front of serene madonnas, or listening to cool chorales, or even reading one of those clear passages in a book—so clear and so illuminating that one feels the writer has given the reader a glass-bottomed bucket with which to look through the ruffled surface of life far down to that still, permanent world below."

So says Mrs. Lindbergh in a book which proves that she has not only felt that magic, but has in her a poetic gift which shares with the reader that glass-bottomed-bucket vision of the air-experience. She writes sometimes with sheer ecstasy, sometimes with homely simplicity.

What she tells in this book is the story of the Lindberghs' flight to Asia, in 1931, by the shortest route, the Great Circle that crosses the edge of the Arctic ocean. It seemed simple enough to newspaper readers; it involved endless study and preparation.

From New York, the Lindberghs flew to the old Morrow home in Maine. Armed with the extra pocket-handkerchief that Mother Morrow had insisted upon, they crossed to Ottawa.

The next stop was at the fur-post at Baker Lake, which Mrs. Lindbergh was the first white woman to visit. The Englishmen there were lonely; when Anne said her sister was in England, a Devonshire man said: "Has your sister ever been to Devon?"

Anne reflected on the strange links which may give a lone man a sense of home.

Above the midnight sun the Lindberghs flew on north, to Aklavik, on the Arctic ocean, where the high point of the dinner in their honor was fresh parsley grown on the spot.

On to Nome, and to the Russian coast. The Russians, like the Japanese, were friendly—even the fisherman in whose lake the Lindberghs dropped when fog hid their right route, tho he could speak no word of English, and never had seen a plane.

The flight ended when the plane tipped over in the rushing Yangtze—it had been lifted onto the British air-plane-carrier *Hermes* to save it from the crowding small boats, and the currents caught it when it was being lowered back to the water.

The Yangtze, as the Lindberghs had seen when flying above it, is one of the world's most powerful rivers; and rivers, as Anne Lindbergh says, are perhaps the only physical features of the world that are best seen and understood from the air.

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Current Poetry

Unsolicited contributions to this department will not be returned. Unpublished poetry is not acceptable

SONG ABOUT ST. FRANCIS

By Thomas Caldecott Chubb

St. Francis of Assisi
Loved all small things:
Timid hares and shy mice,
With their scurryings.

He knew their language.
He learned their words.
He spoke, when men scorned him,
To the friendly birds.

St. Francis of Assisi
Loved all things pure:
Strong men righteous,
Gentle women demure.

He did not question them,
Or ask what they had done.
They were his companions.
So was the sun.

St. Francis of Assisi
Was clad in cowl and rope.
He had no jewelled mitre.
He wore no broidered cope.

He served no gilded chapel.
He had no choir,
But his sister water,
And his brother fire.

St. Francis of Assisi
Was a large fool.
He forgot the wisdom
He had learned at school.

How to chop logic.
What to label sin.
How many angels
Can stand on a pin.

All he remembered
Was love your neighbor.
St. Francis was a fighter.
Kindness was his sabre.

—*American Poetry Journal* (Flushing, Long Island, New York.)

"PROGRESS"

By Isabel Fiske Conant

You that have razed my homestead and its trees
To build a city block of rising stories
Have not eliminated time with these
Girders and rivets, nor the ancient glories
Of fan-light and of cornice and of moulding
And quiet ritual of daily life
That I remember, that my heart is holding
Hostage and refuge, against any strife.

Your massed tower rises loudly. All the clearer
I hear the singing robins in the boughs
Of my ancestral homestead, now still dearer
For the invasion of its shrine, my house
Whose two floors and a-half rose higher still
Toward Heaven than your forty levels will.

—*Yankee Poetry Chapbook* (Flushing, Long Island, New York.)

A LAST WORD

By Lawrence Lee

She is remembered. All young graceful things
Bring up her image clearly.
The tree, the green April hill, the hurrying wings
By these remembered dearly.

Let this be a last word, from a world that goes
Too many times but drearly,
Of one who knows not time and never knows
That the heart breaks here nearly.

—*The Atlantic Monthly.*

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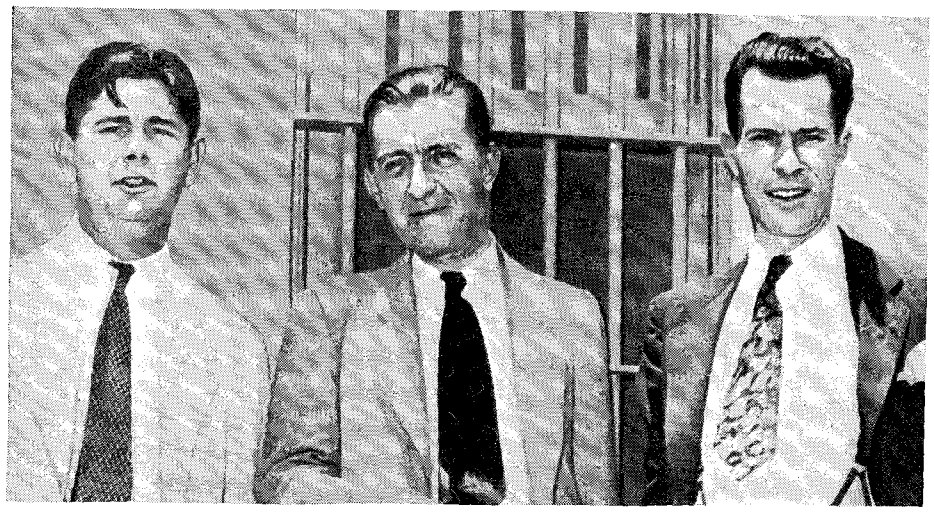
Free Press: Again a Court Problem

Texas Judge Finds Reporters and Editors Guilty of Contempt for Reporting Murder-Trial Testimony; Appeal Planned; "Judicial Dictation" Without "Recent Parallel" Fought



Acme

Houston reporters in contempt-of-court case: Left to right—*Frank White, Ed Rider, and Harry McCormick*

"Would anything you have heard or read prevent you from forming an honest opinion as to the guilt or innocence of the defendant?"

This refrain, in one form or another, runs through the selection of jurors throughout the land wherever trials are being held. If the answer is "Yes," the talesman is rejected.

The most valuable prospective juror, under this practise, is the one who has read nothing.

This was not true when the jury system began after the Norman conquest of England in the eleventh century. Then, jurors were witnesses, as well.

In the settlement of land-disputes, the twelve men considered most familiar with the case were summoned. If their opinions differed, more were called until twelve voted together. Failure to agree sometimes resulted in the jurors' being carted away from the scene, and dumped into a ditch.

To-day's juror, kept behind locked doors, must remain uninfluenced in reaching his decision by anything except the facts brought out in the trial.

"It frequently happens that practically all intelligent persons in a community have knowledge of, and an opinion concerning, an important case which is brought to trial," Dr. Claudius O. Johnson notes in his "Government in the United States," "the result being that they are disqualified as jurors, and the box is filled with persons of a very low degree of intelligence."

Defining an Issue

Week before last, Judge M. S. Munson naturally was immediately concerned with filling the jury-box for current trials in Angleton, Texas.

For that reason, he became disturbed at the amount of publicity given to the trial of Clyde Thompson in District Court for the murder of Everet Melvin, a fellow-convict. Two more defendants, Ed Ebers and Raymond Hall, were yet to come before him, and Judge Munson knew that it would be hard to find any one in Brazoria County who had not read about the May stabbing.

He ordered reporters for three Houston newspapers—Ed Rider, of *The Chronicle* (Ind.-Dem.); Harry McCormick, of *The Press* (Ind.), and Frank White of *The Post* (Ind.-Dem.)—to keep the testimony in the Thompson trial out of their papers.

Their respective managing editors—George Cottingham, E. M. Pooley, and Max Jacobs—told the reporters to stay at work.

Judge Munson, on August 3, found all six guilty of contempt of court, and fined the editors $100 each, and the reporters $25 each. An appeal was taken to the Texas Court of Criminal Appeals, with the likelihood that final action might rest with the Supreme Court of the United States.

Judge Munson declared that he was anxious for a test, realizing the Constitution guarantees freedom of press and speech.

"However, if the press, in exercising that same freedom," he continued, "goes beyond it again, and so prejudices jurors with the publication of testimony that might or might not be true, and by reason of that publication a defendant gets the extreme penalty, that defendant has no redress.

"On the other hand, if the publication of such evidence convinces jurors who read that paper of the guilt or innocence of the defendant, and disqualifies them from serving, then the State has to resort to those who are ignorant and unthinking. If the defendant escapes the penalty, which he may justly deserve, the people have no redress."

Press Defends Its Rights

Editor & Publisher took up the fight against "this instance of judicial dictation" without "recent parallel."

"It was the extraordinary theory of Judge Munson that he would be unable to empanel suitable jurors for the subsequent trials. He was borrowing trouble. The selection of jurymen might be somewhat embarrassed, of course, but the right of the defendant, and of the prosecution, to an open and fair trial, with public opinion properly informed, would, in all democratic principle, outweigh the possibility that some venireman might be biased by such publication.

"Therefore, from this distance, Judge Munson's contempt citations seem high-handed, and in violation of the whole spirit and fact of the free press."

They Don't Laugh Just to Be Polite

President Roosevelt's experiment with a "wide-open" press conference is going through a new phase. By "wide-open" it is meant that, in the correspondents' interrogation of the President, no questions were tabu; anything went.

Mr. Roosevelt, when he did not care to answer, could say so. In practise, in order to avoid the awkwardness of a bald refusal, he has developed the habit of turning off a question with a joke or quip to bring a laugh from the correspondents.

Visitors, especially foreigners, have marveled at the deftness with which the President "handled" the American press. On the outer fringe of the President's press conference, however, there has been a growing number of serious-minded correspondents who have not laughed except when really amused.

That is to say, as some of the President's responses became a bit pointed, they did not laugh just to be polite, even tho many across the desk from him never deny him at least a snicker.

The more serious-minded correspondents resent imputations from the outside, especially from the business world, that Mr. Roosevelt has taken the entire press corps into camp. Some, such as J. Fred Essary, of the Baltimore *Sun* (Ind.-Dem.), have answered these insinuations from the public platform. Arthur Krock, Pulitzer prize-winner, has effectively dissociated himself from the laughers by repeated pointed criticism.

Moreover, on the theory that these conferences have come to constitute merely a sounding-board, or a spring-board, for Administration publicity, and that the real news seldom comes out through this medium, he rarely attends the conferences. The President's recent remark that he was going fishing for hard-heads, there were too many soft-heads around here, brought a critical rejoinder in the next day's offer-

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ing by Franklyn Waltman, Jr., in the Washington *Post* (Ind.).

The Pearson-Allen "Washington Merry-Go-Round" has taken pot-shots at "front-row" reporters charged with being too enamored of the Presidential charm to be impartial in reporting—a charge which certainly does not apply to all in the front row.

Trusty Armor

A newspaper man's cold objectivity is his most reliable armor against being influenced by the whims and moods of the public men he has to interview. It brings the blood to his head to be told he can not be polite, especially in the presence of the President, without laying himself open to the suggestion of susceptibility to personal charm.

The fact is that Washington newspaperdom is a pretty reliable cross-section of American public opinion. In the group of 150 to 200 newspaper men who meet the President twice a week are conservatives, radicals, Democrats, Republicans, mugwumps, Right-Wingers, Left-Wingers, foreigners, Americans, New Dealers, anti-New Dealers, and just-plain-reporters who write what they see and hear, and keep their opinions to themselves.

Occasionally there is a reporter with an ax of his own to grind, or one who seeks to take out a grudge against an official by pointed interrogation in the middle of a conference. The rest of the press usually resents it if it feels it is being imposed upon.

Now and then it tacitly supports a colleague who "goes after" an official. More often than not, it preserves its objectivity even then, on the theory that it is all interesting, and that it is none of their concern whether the interrogator is actuated by news-getting, or personal motives.

"Thank You" Halts Talk

The latest phase in the Roosevelt press conference is a disposition in the outer fringe to resist their premature termination on the signal from "some one up front." While these conferences usually last about a half-hour, there actually is no time-limit on them.

Mr. Roosevelt answers or parries the questions so long as they come. It must be said for him that he seldom, if ever, calls a halt to the questioning. The conference ends when some one in the press conference says: "Thank you, Mr. President."

Of late, the "thank you" has been coming within a few minutes of the convening of the conference, very often while thoughtful correspondents were mulling over the last answer with a view to asking further elucidation, if necessary.

Hence, in order to head off premature "adjournments," some of these correspondents have come to the conference with stop-gap questions up their sleeves to be thrown in whenever the "Thank-you-Mr.-President" threatens to cut off further questioning. The result, lately, has been longer, and more illuminating, conferences.

And Mr. Roosevelt seems to be enjoying hugely this demonstration of the way the press settles its own differences in his presence.

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In your home, in that spotless, speckless bathroom of yours, Athlete's Foot may be waiting for you, unseen, unfelt at time of contact. Your club, the swimming pool you patronize, locker rooms—almost anywhere you go barefoot as a part of health-seeking, or for bathing, the fungus spreads its dreaded microscopic web.

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You step unknowingly on the web. Shortly, you notice itching between your toes. White blisters appear. Excessive moisture, cracking, peeling—these signs may mean Athlete's Foot has added one more victim to the millions it claims annually.

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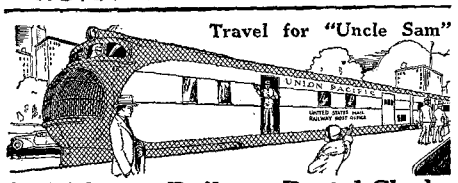

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On the Current Screen

The Farmer Takes a Wife: Fox Films. In "Rome Haul" Walter D. Edmonds fashioned a folk-tale of the middle of the nineteenth century, the setting—the Erie Canal. In "The Farmer Takes a Wife," a last-season Broadway-hit made from this book, Frank B. Elser and Marc Connelly, the latter the author of "Green Pastures," retold the story in play-form, retaining, to an amazing degree within the limits set by the stage, the dialect and manners of that rough-and-ready era.

Henry Fonda and Janet Gaynor in "The Farmer Takes a Wife"

The film emphasizes the setting, costumes, and leisureliness of the period.

Into the robust scrapping life of Rome, on the Erie, comes *Dan Harrow* (Henry Fonda) from the farm-lands of New York to obtain a job as driver with a boat-owner, hoping to save enough money to buy a farm. He meets *Molly Larkins* (Janet Gaynor), cook for *Jotham Klore* (Charles Bickford), Canal bully.

When *Harrow's* employer wins a lottery on a ticket bought from *Fortune Friendly* (Slim Summerville), a dentist, he makes *Harrow* part owner in his boat, and *Molly* joins as cook. But *Harrow* makes sufficient money to buy a farm, leaves the Canal, giving his boat-share to *Molly*, Canal-born and bred, who believes him afraid to fight *Klore*.

Finally, meeting on the street, *Harrow* beats *Klore*, and returns to the farm, followed by the recalcitrant *Molly*.

Capturing the scenic richness of a growing country, the film follows the play closely, weaving into the background the glamour of a dying era, the "Canawl" men, and the rise of the new age, that of the railroad.

* * *

Accent on Youth: Paramount. Samuel Raphaelson, Hollywood scenarist, wrote "Old Love." Last season, Broadway saw it as "Accent on Youth," a hit, and the most popular play in summer-theater repertoire. In the film, still the pleasant, literate story of old-young love, playgoers will miss the full piano-practising scene between *Gaye* and his secretary; *Gaye's* smash-line at *Reynolds's* expense; the acting of Constance Cummings, creator of the stage secretary; but will enjoy the perfect butler played by Ernest Cossart of the original stage-cast.

In his fifties, *Steven Gaye* (Herbert Marshall), writer of nineteen successful comedies, has written his first tragedy, "Old Love." Thinking it a failure, he puts off a trip to Finland when his secretary, *Linda Brown* (Sylvia Sidney), on being discharged, tells him she loves him, giving him the key to the play—the girl will make love to the elderly lover. Cast as the girl, *Linda* is a hit, finally marries *Dickie Reynolds* (Phillip Reed), for whom *Gaye* writes his love-scene; but she leaves her physical-culture husband to return to *Gaye*.

* * *

China Seas: Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. With a star-studded cast "China Seas" reverts to the movies of infancy. As the inebriated author, Mr. Robert Benchley presents welcome amusing interludes. Hopping nimbly from one cliché to another, "China Seas" is the typhoon, pirate-raid story of *Alan Gaskell* (Clark Gable), skipper of the *Kin Lung*, loved by *China Doll* (Jean Harlow), whom he turns down for the widowed *Sybil Barclay* (Rosalind Russell), a passenger on his boat, and the reason for his sea-career. Jealous, *China Doll* plots with *James McArdle* (Wallace Beery) to steal the gold shipment, but is unsuccessful in such thievery.

* * *

Alias Bulldog Drummond: Gaumont-British. In "Alias Bulldog Drummond" the great detective (Atholl Fleming) is noteworthy for his rare appearances. Injured in a motor-accident on his way to London (the brakes had been tampered with at the gas-station), he persuades *Dr. Jack Pennington* (Jack Hulbert), whose car he had bumped into, to impersonate him. With the aid of *Algy* (Claude Hulbert), *Pennington* defeats the attempt of *Morrell* (Ralph Richardson) to replace a ruby-necklace in the British Museum with a fake, made by *Ann Manders* (Fay Wray) under force, rescues her grandfather, and gets the girl.

Latest addition to the *Drummond* saga, the film lacks the casual charm of its predecessors, verging closely on bald burlesque, and indulging in by-gone routines.

* * *

Orchids to You: Fox Films. Freshly vivacious comedy blending love and laughter. By contrast, gay dialog heightens comedy. Big Business threatens Jean Muir, who owns a flower-shop where a bank wants to put a bank. But that nonchalant nitwit Charles Butterworth thwarts the schemers, thereby enabling the pert florist and *Lawyer* John Boles to meet.

The drama comes when the lawyer is retained by a divorce-seeker (feminine) who names the advocate's wife as corespondent.

Rippling along smartly, the film evokes proper laughter. Naturally, the humor is Butterworthian, but Arthur Treacher, Sidney Toler, Arthur Lake, and John Qualen do much to help out.

Mr. Boles, altho a counselor-at-law, manages to warble exquisitely. Jean Muir does very well. William Seiter's direction is breezily smart.

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Persons and Personalities

C. Ben Ross, Democratic Governor of Idaho, who is drawing national attention as the man favored by the Roosevelt Administration to unhorse the veteran Senator William E. Borah in the 1936 election, is known affectionately to his supporters as a "cowboy Governor." He refuses to wear dress clothes, attended his Inaugural Ball in an ordinary business suit. Born on a cattle-ranch near Parma, Idaho, in 1882, he rode the range with two brothers. At fourteen, when his father died, he took over active management of his father's business. Governor Ross does not drink, smoke or play cards because of an aversion to pool-halls which he acquired in his youth.

Keystone

He still spends week-ends at the Parma ranch, likes to attend rodeos, and other riding-contests. The Rosses have four children, three of them adopted. Children are the Governor's "hobby." He sometimes brings half a dozen into his office, and lets them sit in the Governor's Chair. His first political office was Mayor of Pocatello. In 1930, he was elected Governor, was reelected in 1932 and 1934.

Dorothy Miller Beck, tall, charming, dignified, was appointed last week as Regional Director for District No. 1 in the newly-created $91,000,000 Rural Resettlement Administration. This District is the most populous one in the United States, including New England, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and Delaware. Mrs. Beck, wife of Thomas H. Beck, President of the Crowell Publishing Company, lives on a farm at Wilton, Connecticut, where she raises vegetables, and keeps cows, chickens, and turkeys. She likes to do her own repairing, and has a private tool-kit, which she keeps carefully away from amateur tool-users. Mrs. Beck was born in Lafayette, Indiana; her family were mostly farmers, and she says she has always been farm-minded. She was a department-store executive, first in Chicago, then in New York. In 1927, she married Mr. Beck. After her new appointment, one of her first steps was to move the New Haven headquarters of the Resettlement Administration to a loft-building, away from the high rents of office-structures.

Acme

What's the Name, Please?

Linlithgow—Marquess of (see p. 11) —syllables rime with *in, with, go: lin-lith'go.*

Barttelot—British admiral—"rimes completely with *cart a lot* (of goods)."

Bonython — Australian publisher—with *y* as in *spy*, it's *bon-y'thon.*

Brealey—British artist—rimes exactly with *really.*

Conybeare—Archbishop of Nottingham—not *cony*, but *conny;* not *bear*, but *beer: con'ny-beer.*

Cowper, Frank Cadogan — British artist—as if spelled *cooper*, and *Cadogan* is *ca-dug'an.*

Dewar—famous English distiller—not *do*, but *dew* ("impossible," he says, "to Americans"!): *dew'ar*, not *do'er.*

Arundell Esdaile — Secretary, the British Museum—not *a-run'del*, but *ar'r'ndle, ez'dale.*

Haworth—British chemist—"like the English pronunciation of the word *hearth.*"

Vachell—British novelist—rimes with *Rachel*, not with *satchel.*

Wontner—English actor and manager — not *won't*, but *want: wantner.*

—**Frank H. Vizetelly.**

Mrs. Eunice Hunton Carter, negro lawyer, will have a conspicuous part in New York City's far-reaching investigation of organized crime. She is the only woman appointed to the staff of Special Prosecutor Thomas E. Dewey, who is digging deep for evidence against racketeering. Mrs. Carter, wife of a dentist, and mother of a boy of nine, was born in 1899, at Atlanta, the daughter of William A. Hunton, organizer of Y.M.C.A. work among Negroes. Her mother was a pioneer in Y.W.C.A. work among her race. Her brother, William A. Hunton, 2d, is professor of English at Howard University, District of Columbia. Mrs. Carter took both her B.A. and M.A. degrees at Smith College, studied law at night at Fordham University, and completed her course in 1932. Interested in social-service work in Harlem since her graduation from Smith College, she has served as a Supervisor of Home-Relief in that sector as well as Secretary of Mayor LaGuardia's Committee on Conditions in Harlem.

New York *Herald Tribune* photograph

No. 58-T. Height, 19 in. Same chassis as 58-L.

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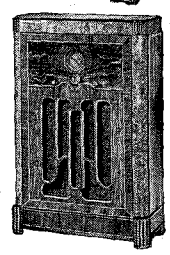

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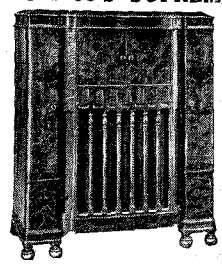

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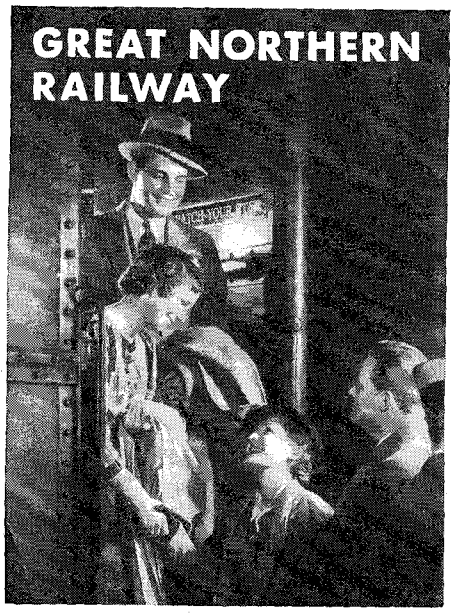

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The Open Forum

Call for Volunteers

Sir:—Where are the boys who claimed they liked to fight, who professed to relish the ravages of war, and continually boasted of its benefits? They need no longer paw the earth and bellow, or impatiently champ the bit; for fate has spread before them the very acme of their desires, the golden opportunity to realize the most gruesome of their gory dreams. In Ethiopia we have, for them, the ideal situation; a small, harmless, helpless, half-civilized country, in need of several million warlike volunteers. EVON GUERNSEY.
Princeton, Idaho.

"Father of the Depression"

Sir:—We enclose herewith a picture of the Father of the Depression. [Vice President John N. Garner, appearing on cover of August 3 DIGEST.] Recall his relentless efforts in blocking all constructive measures of the '30 and '31 years of the National Administration. Recall his alarms of bureaucracy, his cries of too much spending, his calls of pork-barrel legislation. Try to picture, if you can, this same individual raising his voice against the present Administration's policies of waterflow spending.

An astute politician, a crafty statesman, and, most rightly, the Father of the Depression because he did his best and succeeded in prolonging it *until* he could be on the inside. A FAIR-MINDED AMERICAN.
Cincinnati.

["A Fair-Minded American," who so stoutly attacks Mr. Garner in the foregoing letter, does so under the screen of anonymity. THE DIGEST prefers not to publish anonymous letters. It makes an exception in this case because of the implied criticism of this magazine, presenting the letter for what it may be worth.—*Editor.*]

Names

Sir:—For several years I have meditated the possibility of some public restriction on the admission of non-English-speaking immigrants that would compel them to respell their names in such a way that English speakers could pronounce them properly; but this notion was summarily dampered when I recently read in THE DIGEST that those fine old English surnames of indigenous respectability—Colclough, Bethune, and Dalzell—were pronounced *Cokely, Beetn,* and *De-ell,* respectively, as puzzling as any names of foreign origin. And there are others, hence a dilemma! Confusion in the pronunciation of proper names seems to be increasing, instead of diminishing, with the progress of linguistic culture, so that no longer is it in good form to make fun of the Frenchman who called English such a peculiar tongue, for "they spell the name of a certain author *Boz* and pronounce it Dickens." In the pending Social-Security Bill can not Congress be importuned to provide some measure of relief for this distracting situation?
Jones, Michigan. S. BENJ. HARVEY.

[Nor need we go even to England. With *Wooster* spelled Worcester, *Pokipsy* spelled Poughkeepsie, and such fine old American names as Taliaferro, pronounced *Tolliver,* and Enroughty formerly, and perhaps yet, pronounced *Darby,* we are in no position to remove motes from other eyes.—*Editor.*]

100 Years—7,000 Miles

Sir:—In your "Slips That Pass in the Night" column, issue of August 3, you charge a "Cordova (*Alaska*) paper" with saying "The first dwelling-house in Birmingham, Alabama, was built in 1935. . . ." This should have been "Cordova, *Alabama.*" Their error was a matter of 100 years, yours was some 7,000 miles. How about it? SPENCER B. KING.
Blakely, Georgia.

[It was a slip that slipped.—*Editor.*]

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Political Fronts of France

Sir:—May I call attention to an error in the August 3 issue of THE LITERARY DIGEST: "Early this spring all Left groups save the Communists united to fight off Fascism in France. . . ." In view of the fact that the Communists took the initiative in forming the united front in France . . . I believe you should indicate this some place in your pages.
Houston, Texas. LILLIAN WARREN.

[There are, in reality, two united fronts of Leftists in France. One is the "United Front," consisting of the Socialist and Communist parties; the second is the "People's Front," which, an outgrowth of the first, consists of the two foregoing groups, the Radical Socialists, and other Left elements. Its avowed purpose is a common stand against the rise of Fascism. —*Editor.*]

Vivisection for Criminals—Two Views

Sir:—In answer to Joseph John Stanina in article, "Vivisection for the Condemned." Why add injury to other injuries and misfortunes? The criminal is born unfortunate, and did not create himself. J. GEORGE BIERMANN.
Shenandoah, Pennsylvania.

Sir:—Vivisection for the condemned? Why not? Capital punishment in a very, very small number of instances seems to be the most expedient way of ending criminal careers. Since condemned public enemies have extracted their toll from the human family, and since society demands its pound of flesh, why should they not return good for evil on the vivisection-table? And this would seem to be a more dignified and worthy exit than that provided by the State.
Xenia, Ohio. EUNICE BAILEY FITZSIMMONS.

"Fool Fad"

Sir:—In your issue of July 20 it is suggested that manufacturers of envelops make them so that the flap will seal to the envelop instead of sticking to the enclosure.

Yes, this is bad; but what is infinitely worse is the fool fad of printing the return address on the back of the envelop. This fad causes more profanity from the lips of the postal clerk than any other offense encountered in the distribution of the mails en route.

L. J. HEADLEY,
Railway Postal Clerk (Retired).
Columbus, Ohio.

Defending Processing-Taxes

Sir:—It is very evident that Mr. Ruybal of Colorado does not like the processing-taxes. As nearly as I can figure out they are just another form of tariff-taxes, but with this difference—instead of going to a small group of industrialists, they are distributed to a large group of farmers. Turn about is only fair play, and it seems to me the processing-taxes are just as fair as any tariff-taxes ever were.
San Francisco. E. M. FERGUSSON.

A Letter From an Ex-Convict

Sir:—Permit an ex-convict, one who spent four years behind the walls, to express his thanks to you for reprinting the comments of the press regarding employment for ex-prisoners, *in re* the Alabama Pitts case. Is it humane, and in the best interest of the public, for employers, and the State and Federal Governments, to refuse employment to those who have done time, forcing them and their families to the point of starvation, causing them again to lapse into crime to live? Or is it better to provide a job and an opportunity to come back? Two years ago it was announced from high quarters that no one would starve in this country, but, evidently, an exception was made of the ex-convict and his family.

Seventy per cent. of our prison population of 400,000 are young men under twenty-five, and *first* offenders, and 5,000 men are being released each month. What they will be hereafter depends upon how they were treated in prison, and how they are met and treated on their release by the press, the public, and employers. EX-CON.
Chautauqua, New York.

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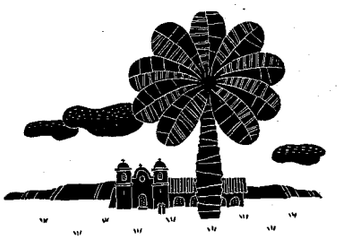

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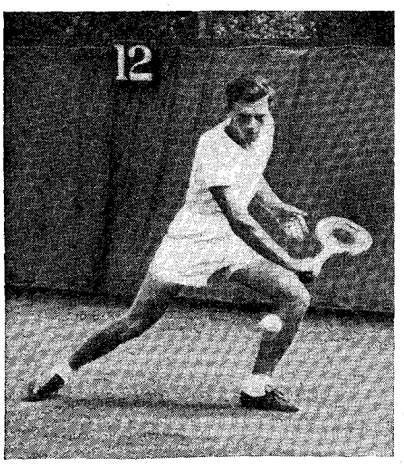
Two Franks, One Coach

Shields and Parker, Doubles-Partners in Nationals at Chestnut Hill, Constitute a Study in Opposites—Mercer Beasley Strong Factor in Schoolboy's Tennis Development

"You'll pardon me if I look over this story about myself in the paper. I want to read it so I can take a crack back at the fellow who wrote it."

Frank Shields, ranked at the top of the United States amateur-tennis list in 1933, grinned and sucked hard on a straw. The straw, amazingly enough, was in a bottle of soda. The former Davis Cup player, who has reaped plenty of publicity since he began his tennis-comeback after several



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Parker's backhand in action; one of the best in tennis

months in the "pictures," has been training hard since last October.

He wants to regain his tennis-ranking, make a bid for next year's Davis Cup team, and, incidentally, get back into the headlines which, any way you look at it, can not possibly harm his moving-picture career.

"No, I didn't train much for the Nationals last year, which may explain why I was beaten so badly by Vernon Kirby in the quarter-finals at Forest Hills." Shields put down his paper, stretched out his long legs, launched an attack on another bottle of soda-pop.

He had just finished an easy match in the Eastern Tournament at Rye, New York.

"I think my chances are better this year. I am keener now. I've improved my ground-strokes, my shots are working better—especially my backhand. Sure, I'd be eligible if they wanted me for Davis Cup play. I could take three months' vacation from Hollywood. But that's for the officials to decide.

"I've had my fling at the Davis Cup, tried my best, didn't win, but got a lot of fun out of it. The picture-business has helped my physical condition a lot. The climate out there is ideal for tennis. You need a lot of it to do any winning, just as in the fighting-game. If that fellow, Baer, had had more fights he might not have folded up against Braddock."

Frank has taken a lot of criticism from the tennis-writers in the past for not training for all his matches. He's not giving his critics any chances now.

"If you drink out there in Hollywood, you end up behind the 'eight ball.' They train hard out there, those actors and actresses. They are the best behaved crowd I've ever seen. No one ever has one too many drinks. Some of the girls get up at 6 A. M., and actually cook their breakfast before going to work.

"Fan-mail? Sure, I got a letter. Maybe two. Mostly they're from kids who follow tennis, and go to the movies. Some of them told me they liked my acting very much before I ever acted. One wrote me about a scene I wasn't even in. But, I feel terribly important when I get a couple of letters."

Frank, who seems to have improved his shots considerably, thinks there will be a lot of gunning in the Nationals at Forest Hills late this month.

"Some one will have to show enormous improvement to beat Fred Perry. He'd have to go off a lot, and Don Budge would have to come on a lot for Budge to win."

His Future a Mystery

Shields, who has no idea of what his future in the movies will be, picked up his rackets—four of them. He had to play a doubles-match with his partner, Frank Parker, the nineteen-year-old Lawrenceville schoolboy who has been mentioned as a Davis Cup singles possibility with Budge for next year.

Before he went, he offered to write an article for THE DIGEST on the Nationals.

"Sure, I write them myself—and, besides, I have a darn clever wife."

Shields still is the best-looking tennis-player on the courts. Bronzed by the Hollywood sun, looking fitter than he has in many a season, he isn't hard to talk to. Easy-going, modest enough, considerate of his employers' wishes in the matter of publicity, he attracted the largest galleries of the week at Rye.

Whether he can regain his old ranking will depend on his play at Newport, and at Forest Hills. He is entered with Parker in the National Doubles starting this week at Chestnut Hill, Massachusetts.

Never able to conquer Perry on a court, Shields did better than the black-haired Englishman in Hollywood. According to Frank, the chief reason why Perry didn't get a contract was that screen-tests showed his eyes were too close together.

"They were enough to scare anybody," Frank said as he ran out of the club-house.

Cautious Mr. Beasley

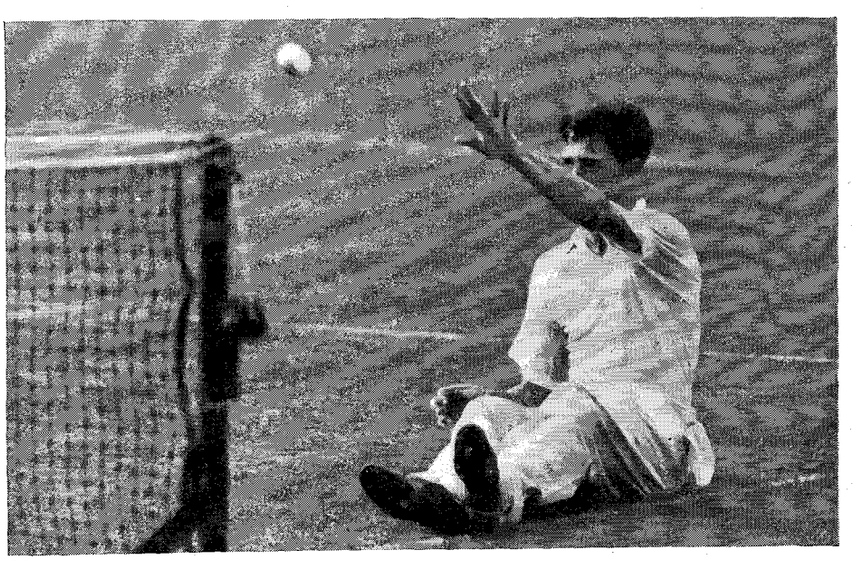
Much harder to talk to is young Parker.

"You'll have to see Mr. Beasley," Frank said as he walked off the court.

Mr. Beasley—Mercer Beasley, the coach who has developed Parker's game to the point that the youngster is ranked fourth, nationally—was cautious. Much of the newspaper-publicity has been unfriendly to Beasley. You can have the interview, but only in the mentor's presence.

Up in a hot little room in the Westchester Country Club, Parker was emerging from a shower. Shorter by many inches than Shields, Frank is pretty much in awe of his coach, who is also something of a father to him.

Most of the questions are asked by Beasley himself, a medium-sized individual with thinning gray hair, somewhat florid face, and spectacles through which he peers at the representatives of the press with understandable suspicion. He doesn't look like



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Shields, after taking a spill . . . he's out to regain his No. 1 ranking this year

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an athlete, but wears a blue blazer, which gives something of the proper effect. If he has a sense of humor, it is not apparent.

Beasley has coached Davis Cup players, analyzed their games with his famous charts, irritated many professionals like George Agutter of the West Side Tennis Club by his teaching theories. But Parker's play is good enough to call forth respect for the coach. Parker is his chief interest.

"No questions about his tennis-future, please," said Mr. Beasley. "Nothing to make Frankie out as conceited, because he isn't."

Tournament Routine

On a tournament-day Frankie gets up at nine, has breakfast consisting of orange-juice, bran-flakes, fried eggs and bacon, coffee, milk, and buttered toast. He reads the morning papers, a few popular magazines, and looks at a book. (Here Mr. Beasley thrust a copy of "The World's Best Short Stories" under the reporter's nose.) One of his favorite authors is Count Felix von Luckner.

While Frankie was talking, he was busily polishing his brown shoes.

He lunches on soup, steak, ice-cream and milk—no potatoes. Then an hour's nap. Finally, he dresses and goes out on the court for his match. He sees an occasional movie, and gets to bed by ten.

At Lawrenceville, New Jersey, he studies hard, plays tennis, basket-ball, and indulges in occasional track work-outs. He has fooled around with painting, too. In the last two years he has lost only twenty-five games in school matches, excluding the Princeton Interscholastics.

Passing his studies is more important to him—according to Mr. Beasley—than winning tennis-matches. In fact college entrance examinations, scheduled a few days after the boat sails with the Davis Cup team, may preclude his playing in the international matches.

His game is built on accuracy. His much-discussed forehand, relatively, is less developed than the rest of his strokes because he hasn't formed the accuracy necessary for speed.

Orthodox tennis-critics object to the insufficient swing, but Beasley and Parker don't seem to be worried about it.

At school he practises for three-quarters of an hour every other day—plays on alternate days. He gets fifteen minutes of concentration on one stroke, then becomes bored and tries another.

Don Budge never has beaten Parker on grass, altho the young Californian beat Parker in the National Clay Court Tourney last year.

Parker's repertory of twenty-six strokes includes: forehand flat-drive, top-spin, chop, slice, lob, half-volley, and loop; backhand the same. Service: twist, flat, reverse, and slice; lob and stop-volley. One of his must discussed strokes is the ultra-Western top-spin on the forehand.

Mr. Beasley Barks

"None of them," barked Beasley, "is worth a darn unless it is placed."

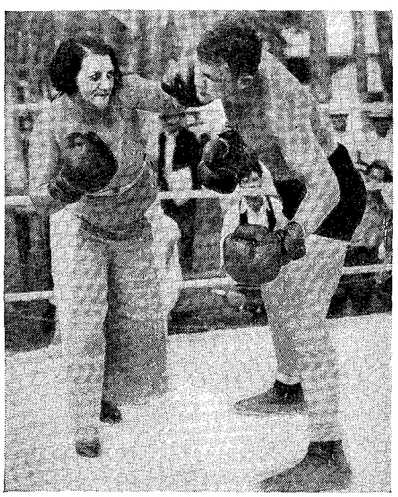
Frank's idea of a perfect match is a large, enthusiastic gallery, new balls every seven games, smart ball-boys, good linesmen, an umpire with a strong voice, grass-courts, and an intelligent, reliable opponent like Fred Perry.

Frank doesn't dance because he doesn't like to. He pays no attention to the girls who crowd around him at tournaments, gets most of his fun driving a car. The little gold chain he wears around his neck holds a Catholic medal. Frank wears it because he thinks he should.

Mr. Levinsky Meets With an "Accident"

"Kingfish" Levinsky, the "furious fishmonger" from South Chicago, walked painfully back to his dressing-room after his one-round fight with Joe Louis in the Windy City last week.

"It was an accident. It might happen to anybody," said the Kingfish. His sister and manager, "Leaping Lena" to the sports-writers, wept silently.



Keystone

Kingfish and Lena . . . she wept

It took Louis two minutes and twenty-one seconds in the first round to beat a man who had been beaten in two rounds by Max Baer last December.

The wires told the story of the fight: "Levinsky went down for a count of two. Levinsky then went down for a count of five. Levinsky then went down for another count of five. Levinsky went down for a count of four. Levinsky then sat on the ropes. He turned to Referee Norman McGarrity: 'Don't let that guy hit me again. I'm through.'"

Dan Parker, most skeptical of boxing-writers, confessed in the New York *Daily Mirror:* "It was Louis's most impressive victory to date. The fact of the matter is, Louis is the fighting marvel of the age. He promises to outshine even Dempsey, who never was as deadly . . ."

The Kingfish: "Louis hit harder than any man I ever fought. He'll kill Max Baer."

Said Mr. Louis: "I hit him a left hook and knocked him down. I knocked him down again with a right."

The question that has been bothering the boxing-world, "Can Joe take it?", remained unanswered last week for a simple reason: to date, he hasn't had to.

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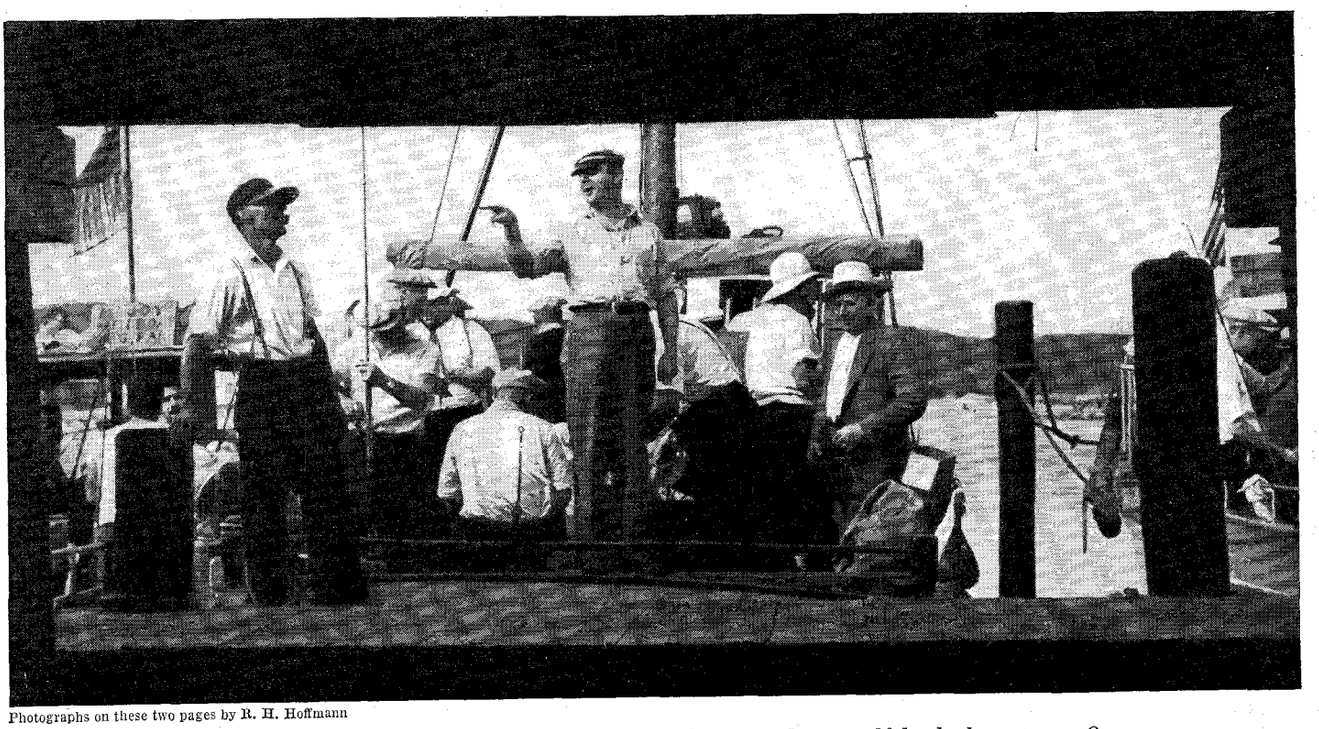
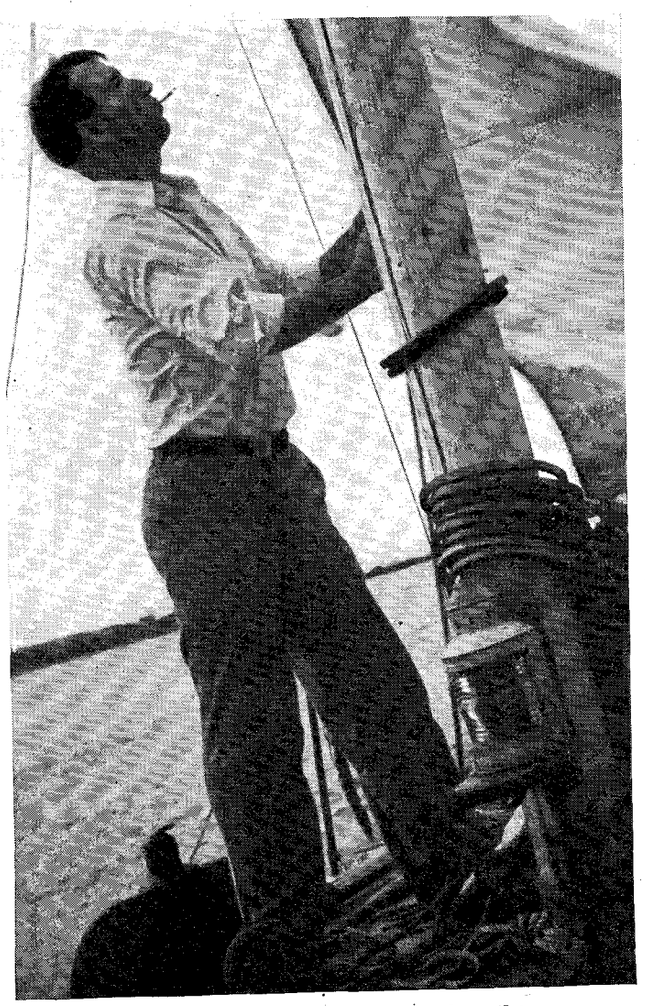
The Candid Camera Goes to Sea to Fish



Photographs on these two pages by R. H. Hoffmann

Off for a day's fishing in the Atlantic ocean and ready for marlin, swordfish, shark, or tuna. One of the boats leaving Montauk Point, Long Island, as seen under the dock from the cameraman's boat



Eddie Mulhall, the mate, runs up the sail to help steady the boat so it'll be easier to fish

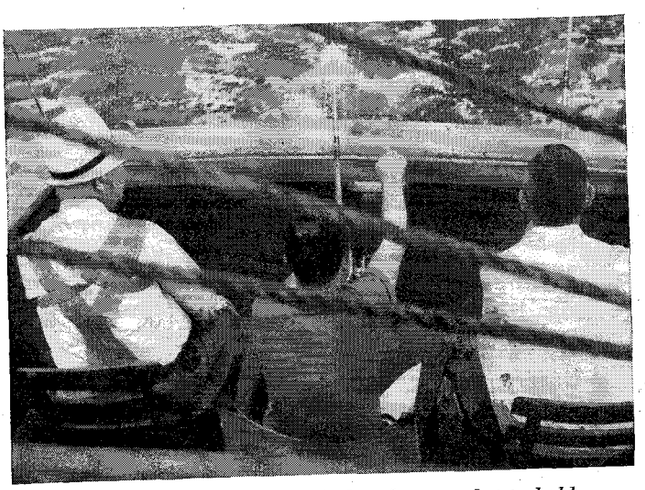
One hundred and twenty miles from the sky-scrapers of New York City, a fishing-colony has been enjoying a boom-season. It is out on the end of Long Island, at Montauk Point. There the waters of the Atlantic ocean, to hear fishermen talk, seem to resemble an aquarium.

During the last few weeks, fishing-parties have caught swordfish, marlin, tuna, shark, dolphin, bluefish, mackerel, pollack, sea-bass, and porgy. To make the list complete, a whale put in seven appearances last week for the benefit of a sailing-party.

The most-sought-after fish at Montauk Point is the broadbill swordfish, averaging 175 pounds. The record this season was one weighing 365 pounds. As many as sixty-eight swordfish in one day have been brought in by harpooners.

The marlin is considered the gamest by Montauk fishermen. Its dance on its tail and twenty-seven leaps are part of its performance. One of the best catches of the season was a 103-pound marlin, which was hooked by a sixteen-year-old boy.

Most of the fishing is done between two and fifteen miles offshore, east and south of Montauk Point.



Trolling off the stern: Each chair has a socket to hold the rod, and some fishermen also wear a harness

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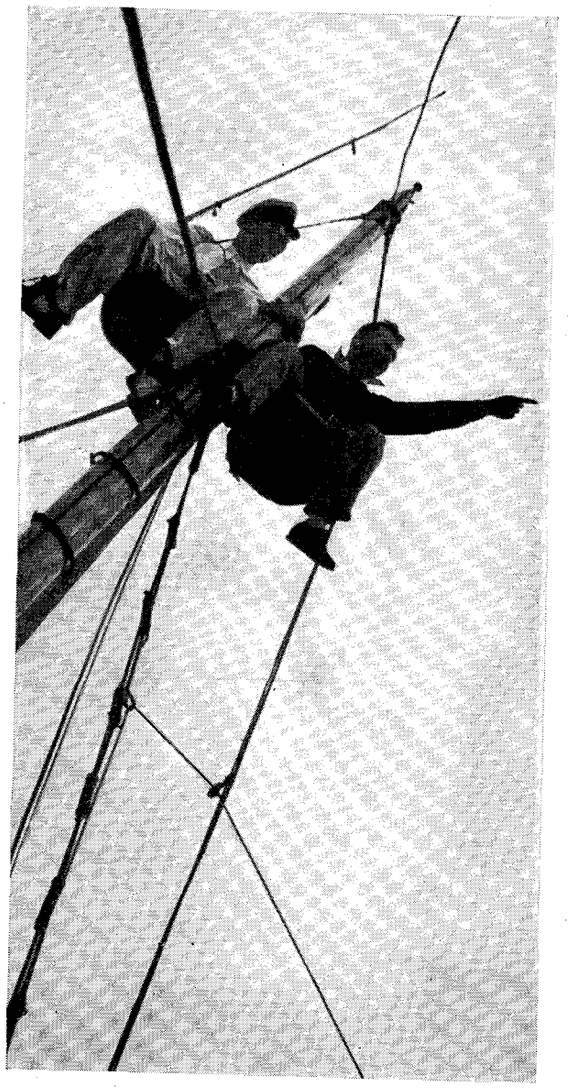
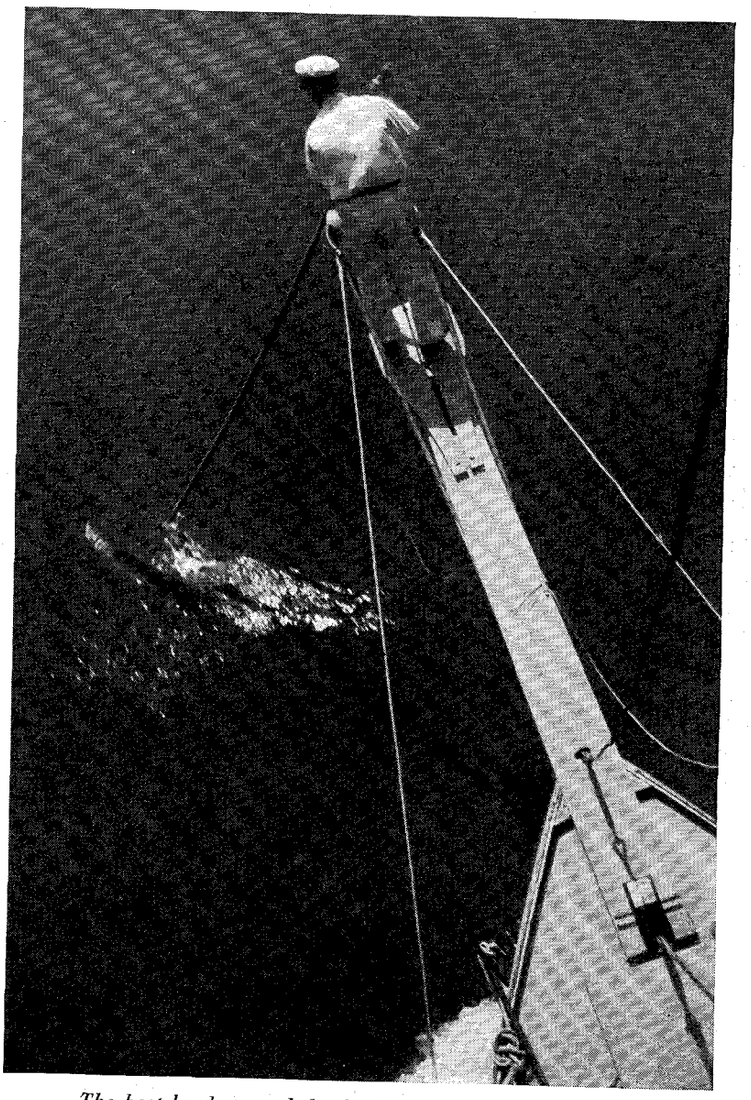
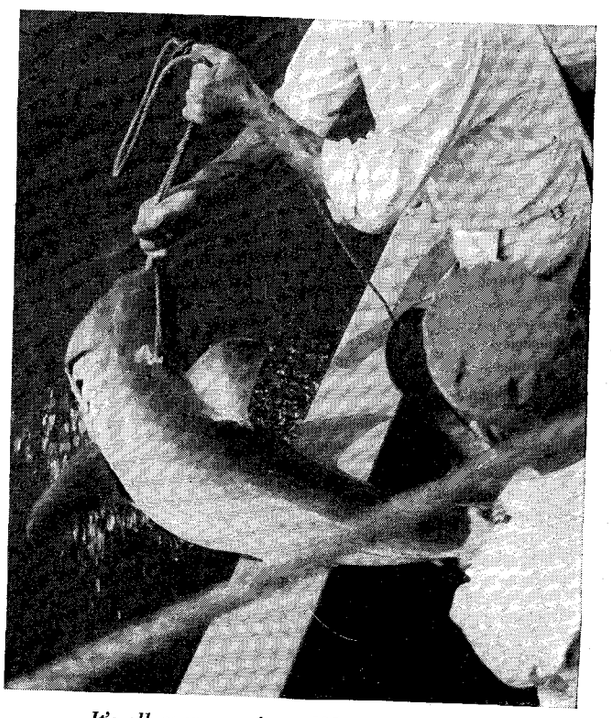


Fifteen miles offshore, a lookout on the mast sights a fin about 100 yards away



The boat heads toward the fin (it's a shark); the harpooner steps out on his pulpit; and the camera records a direct hit

The shark is hauled in by a line fastened to the dart which was shot from the harpoon



It's all over now for a 125-pound beagle-shark, and one fisherman can go home

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Wall Street Leaders Stress Political Change

Weakening of New Deal Power Is Hailed as Basis for Bullishness; General Motors' Dividend Increase Was Impressive; Corporation Directors May Be Unfairly Criticized

Steadily growing indifference of the stock market and its followers to political happenings was emphasized again last week. Neither Washington developments unfavorable to the rigors of "must" bills, nor Rhode Island's startling rebuff to the Administration, had any immediate bullish effect upon security prices. At the time, the market was halting and slipping somewhat, obviously because of insufficient outside buying to support the inside activities of professional Wall Street traders. Disregarding the acceptable political news, it continued to halt and slip somewhat.

Yet it is the seeming change in the political situation and outlook that is being most stressed by those who, talking from high positions, are just now announcing new confidence in the stock market and its upward trend. In fairly harmonious chorus they hail the supposed waning of New Deal power as the needed relief that will permit economic forces to produce industrial recovery, and consequently higher security prices. All the other ingredients of a bull market are present and ripe, they declare, and the relief will now promote the ripening of the most important one, which is confidence.

The view is concretely expressed by John W. Prentiss, usually reticent leader in a variety of Wall Street activities, and head of the many-branched Stock Exchange house of Hornblower & Weeks. "We have taken our losses and written them off," he urges. "We have tried our social experiments and they have been found wanting. We are thoroughly liquidated. . . . If you believe that we are now arriving at a period where it is possible for the next Administration to stop throwing money away, to balance its budget, to obey the Constitution and thereby restore confidence among the people, then you will believe, as I do, in the reflection of that confidence in rising prices for standard American stocks."

This is the gist of much of Wall Street's newly encouraged and rather belated bullishness for the longer pull. It indicates continued preoccupation with those New Deal bugaboos which have not prevented the stock market from maintaining an upward course since last March, and already adding 30 per cent. to its stature.

Significant Dividend

Something of the same preoccupation was evidenced by Alfred P. Sloan, Jr., when he announced a $32,000,000 dividend distribution to surprized and delighted General Motors shareholders, with a warning that it might not occur again. The sharply increased payment was warranted by current earnings and by the now indicated future trend, said Mr. Sloan, but "with things as they are, there may be injected into the situation at any moment unusual circumstances such as may entirely alter the case.

Keystone

Alfred P. Sloan, Jr., who announced increased dividends for General Motors

In such an event, the directors will not hesitate to reappraise their position and act accordingly."

The caution was commendable, no doubt, but it did not detract last week from the significance of the doubling of the General Motors dividend-rate, with a twenty-five-cent extra payment added for good measure. The extra alone would have met Wall Street expectation, and the establishment of a regular annual rate of $2 a share gave clear indication that the company's recovery of earnings is officially regarded as reasonably permanent. Since the General Motors management is what it is, its so-evidenced judgment is impressive with respect to the whole industrial prospect.

Incidentally, the dividend surprize gave Wall Street a bit of excitement that was reminiscent of other and happier days. Announced after one day's closing, the news brought such a collection of urgent buying orders the next morning that eleven Stock Exchange specialists were unable to effect an orderly and proper opening for General Motors stock. Governors of the Exchange had to be called in to arbitrate the matter, and it was more than half an hour after the start of business that the tickers recorded initial transactions in 30,000 shares at an advance of $1 a share. It is long since the Stock Exchange has seen that happen in a stock of similar quality.

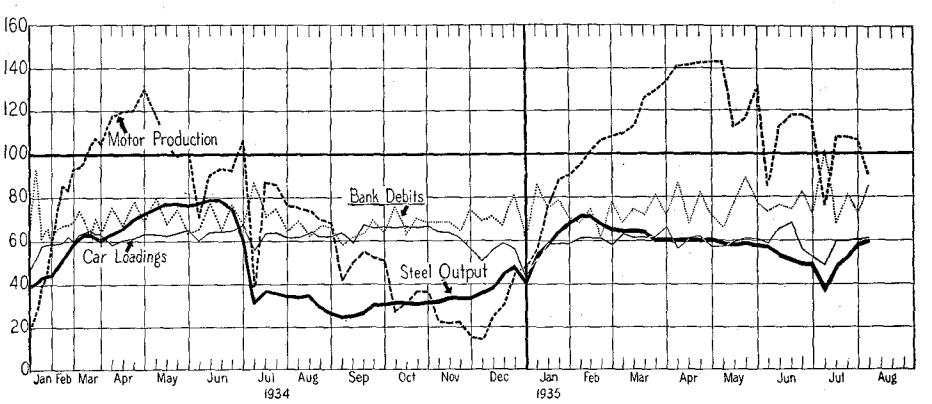
Tattle-tale SEC

Numerous interesting disclosures were made by the SEC last week in its report of early June changes in the security holdings of prominent corporation officers and directors. Suggestively anticipatory of the proposed increases in Federal taxes upon wealth were various outright gifts of stocks to unnamed recipients by William K. Vanderbilt, John N. Willys and other men of financial eminence. There is reason to expect many more of these in coming SEC lists.

More exciting to Wall Street curiosity were showings of unexplained sales of relatively large valuations in shares of General Motors by Alfred P. Sloan, Jr., of du Pont Corporation by H. F. du Pont, of Loose-Wiles Biscuit by Arthur W. Cutten, of National Biscuit by Ogden L. Mills, of American Water Works by H. Hobart Porter and Seton Porter, of S. S. Kresge Company by R. R. Williams, of Phelps Dodge Corporation by Wylie Brown. Disposal of the entire stock interest of J. P. Morgan & Co. in Maracaibo Oil Exploration was not wholly surprizing.

Most interesting on the buying side was a revelation which, following closely upon the heels of the unexpectedly large dividend declaration by General Motors, led the New York *Herald Tribune* to observe:

"John J. Raskob, a director and member of the finance committee of General Motors, demonstrated his faith in his company in June by buying 16,540 shares of the common stock. That this faith was well re-



Four Indicators of Business Activity

This chart shows percentage of deviation from weekly averages of ten years ago, 1923-1925 inclusive. The heavy line represents steel-ingot production in percentage of total plant-capacity. The other lines show total freight car-loading, bank debits outside New York City, and automobile production. The chart covers the week ending August 3

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paid is evident from the rise that has taken place in General Motors since June . . . indicating a profit of $157,130, or approximately 30 per cent. In addition there is the new quarterly dividend . . . and the extra declared by the company."

Apropos of this, the New York *Sun* said: "A commentator is moved to eulogy on the evidence of faith shown by a director who bought several thousand shares of the stock a few weeks before dividends were lifted." The Philadelphia *Inquirer* quaintly captioned Mr. Raskob's portrait with "Selects Winner in Motor Stock."

Share-Buying

It was also pointed out, and unfairly, that, as indicated by SEC figures, the Raskob holdings of General Motors were only fifteen shares before the predividend acquisition of 16,540. As a matter of fact, only 6,000 shares were newly bought. The remaining 10,540 were received as a "liquidating dividend" from some unnamed holding-agency, indicating previous ownership.

The matter is illustrative. Inevitably, the SEC's periodical publication of stark figures showing the rise and fall of the share holdings of corporation managers will recurrently create a variety of cynical suspicions which, in very many cases, may be wholly unjustified.

Apparently the managers are to be quite helpless in the circumstances unless they go farther with frankness than the law requires and make their own explanations public ahead of the SEC exhibits. Yet there would be occasional embarrassments in that also.

Discouraging Enterprise

Wholly condemnatory is an exhaustive analysis of the proposed estate and inheritance taxes which has been made by outspoken Benjamin M. Anderson, economist of New York's Chase National Bank. Declaring the taxes to be a menace to American economic life and destructive of business enterprise, Doctor Anderson emphasizes the fact that "new ventures are typically financed by men of sizable fortunes. The small man can not afford to put all his funds into one of these ventures. The hazard is too great. The man of wealth can afford to go into twenty such ventures, expecting to lose on most of them, but counting on two or three successful ones to make the whole twenty profitable.

No Chances

"If, however, a man with an estate of $4,000,000 must look forward to paying an estate tax of about $1,296,000, followed immediately by his son's paying an inheritance tax of approximately $1,130,000, he will be very little disposed, after he has passed fifty or fifty-five, to take any chances of tying up his fortune in illiquid form.

"Instead of going on during the years when his experience and his knowledge are at their best and his judgment is surest with respect to the profitable employment of capital, he will become timid and work for liquidity and try to put his estate in such a position that when he dies his son can still cling to something."

The Cotton Problem

But Government Is Not Worried Over Prospects—Officially

By the Government's estimate the United States will produce 11,798,000 bales of cotton this year, which will be considerably more than the Government has hoped for. Altho AAA operations have prevented any material increase in planted acreage, they have not successfully combated nature, and an increase of 2,162,000 bales, or 22 per cent. over last year's crop, is now indicated.

The Government is not officially worried over the prospect; it will again make adequate credit facilities available for the orderly marketing of the crop; its present holdings of 5,000,000 bales on which it has loaned twelve cents a pound, will not come upon the market below thirteen cents, and therefore will not compete with this year's production which is now selling around eleven cents. So Secretary of Agriculture announced last week. What he did not announce were the terms upon which the Government will finance this year's production in order to maintain a price to growers higher than the world price of the staple.

Complications

Complicated as it has been by the perversities of sun, rain and soil conditions, the cotton problem of the AAA is a difficult one. Twelve-cent loans have pegged American cotton above the world price, and have thereby so curtailed its sale to the world that there is already an unsold accumulation of 7,000,000 bales. Unless twelve-cent loans are continued, the presence of this supply and the weight of the new crop will inevitably cause a price-slump.

Yet continuation of government loans to support the price will further curtail sales to the world and cause a further unsold increment which, as long as it exists, must menace the cotton-growing industry.

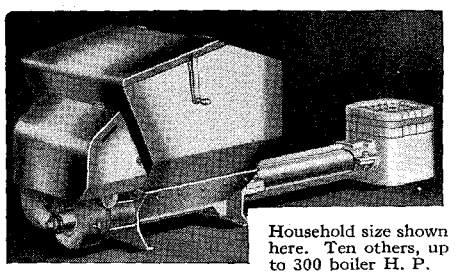
Better Business

Multiplying evidences of retail trade improvement, present and prospective, are outstanding features of the business picture. Last week the two leading mail-order and chain department-store companies made noteworthy exhibits. Reporting for the first twenty-four weeks of its fiscal year, Sears, Roebuck & Co. showed an increase of nearly 27 per cent. in sales over last year, and the greatest profits since 1932. Montgomery Ward & Co.'s sales for six months increased more than 20 per cent., and its July business established a new high mark.

At the same time, the New York *Times* noted as highly suggestive a material increase in the number of out-of-town merchants and buyers arriving in New York during July. The number was well ahead of the record for any July since 1929, and there were indications that the August total would be considerably greater. A dispatch to the same newspaper from Chicago reported similar conditions there—"more buyers than at any time since 1929 with orders in all lines from 15 to 40 per cent. in excess of last year."

Monthly Fuel Bill Cut From $341 to $124 since installing COMBUSTIONEER Automatic Coal Burner

—is statement of Chas. B. Young, *President*, Superior Laundry Co., Charleston, W. Va.



Household size shown here. Ten others, up to 300 boiler H. P.

Many other concerns report savings far exceeding 50% of fuel bill.

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Weekly Chart of Congressional Action

(Compiled for The Literary Digest *by Congressional Intelligence, Washington, D. C.)*

(CHART No. 31: As of Aug. 10, 1935)

EXPLANATORY NOTES

FOOT-NOTES: Letters in parentheses carried in the various amendment columns of the Chart refer to explanations of amendments at base of the Chart.

NUMERALS: Numerals in parentheses in the amendment column refer to Charts in previous issues of The Literary Digest in which amendments to the particular bill were explained. Numeral (2), for instance, refers to Chart No. 2, which appeared in the issue of January 26, 1935, etc.

COMMITTEE SYMBOLS: Abbreviations used for the various Committees are as follows: Agri.—Agriculture; Appro.—Appropriations; Bank'g—Banking; Comm.—Commerce; Fin.—Finance; F.R.—Foreign Relations; I.C.—Interstate and Foreign Commerce in the House, and Interstate Commerce in the Senate; Judic.—Judiciary; Labor—Labor in the House (Corresponding Committee in Senate is Education and Labor); Mines—Mines and Mining; W.&M.—Ways and Means; R.&H.—Rivers and Harbors; P.O.—Post Offices and Post Roads; M.A.—Military Affairs.

New Bills

Regulation of Business—Legislation for the licensing of corporations engaged in interstate commerce and providing for Federal incorporation has been introduced in the Senate by Senator O'Mahoney, of Wyoming, as Senate Bill No. S. 3363. The measure has been referred to the Senate Committee on Interstate Commerce for study.

Under the terms of the bill, the Federal Trade Commission, which would administer the Act, would be increased from five to nine members, three to represent employees, three to represent employers, and three the general public. The Commission also would sit as the "Bureau of Corporations," which shall have charge of Federal incorporations.

"The Commission is authorized and directed," so the bill reads, "to develop a general program for the coordination, stabilization, and orderly development of the basic industries of the United States, and for a more equitable distribution of the earnings of commerce, trade, and industry to those employed therein, and to the investor of capital therein. . . ."

A license would be required of corporations engaging in commerce after July 1, 1936, the license to provide three main items as follows: (1) Protection of female employees from discrimination. (2) Protection against child labor. (3) Guaranty to labor of the right of collective bargaining. Excluded from the operation of the law would be agricultural producers, common carriers, radio broadcasters, banking and insurance corporations, and newspapers.

* * *

Oil—Three new bills on oil have been introduced in Congress. Two of them, H. R. 9053, by Representative Cole, of Maryland, and H. R. 9055, by Representative Disney, of Oklahoma, were introduced in the House. A third one was presented in the Senate by Senator Thomas, of Oklahoma, as a substitute for his earlier bill, S. 2027.

The House bills were referred to the House Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce. The Senate bill, S. 2027, already is on the Senate calendar, having been reported in its original draft some weeks ago. All three give consent of the Congress to the State oil-and-gas compact of February 16, 1935. They establish a Petroleum Administrative Board of five members, chiefly for research purposes.

* * *

Preserving Domestic Tin—Senator Barbour, of New Jersey, is sponsor of a bill (S. 3381) to provide for the protection and preservation of domestic sources of tin. His proposal was referred to the Senate Committee on Military Affairs.

The bill stipulates that after sixty days from its enactment, no tin-scrap shall be exported except upon license issued by the President. This action is recommended "in the interest of national defense," and "to lessen the present costly and dangerously dependent position of the United States with respect to resources of tin."

* * *

Extension of Crop-Loans—The Farm Credit Administration would be authorized to extend the time for repayment of crop-loans "in the case of borrowers who are unable to make payments because they have suffered from crop-failures or short crops during the year 1935" under the terms of a bill (S. 3383) introduced in the Senate by Senators Norbeck and Bulow, of South Dakota. The Senate Agriculture Committee will study the measure before it is taken up on the floor of the Senate.

* * *

Protection of American Singers—Representative Hoeppel, of California, has introduced a bill (H. R. 9045) in the House "to protect the artistic and earning opportunities of American singers—operatic, concert, oratorio, and so forth—including orchestral conductors, in the United States of America." The measure would prohibit the entry of alien singers to engage in their profession unless specified conditions are met. The bill was sent to the House Committee on Immigration and Naturalization for consideration.

			HOUSE					SENATE					Conference President	
Title and Author	Bill Number		4 Committee Referred To	5 Committee Amendments	6 Date Rep't'd To House	7 House Floor Amendments	8 Final Action	9 Committee Referred To	10 Committee Amendments	11 Date Rep't'd To Senate	12 Senate Floor Amendments	13 Final Action	14 Conference Rep't Approved	15 President's Signature
1	2	3												
BONUS *Vinson (Ky.)*	HR3896	W. & M.	(10)	3-13	HRI	Passed 3-22	Fin.	S2605	4-25	HRI	Passed 5-7	(18)	Veto 5-22
TREAS.-P.O. APPROPRIA. *Arnold*	HR4442	Appro.	(3)	1-22	Minor	Passed 2-1	Appro.	(10)	3-11	(12)	Passed S-5-7 3-26	H-4-22	5-14
FOUR DEPT. APPROPRIA. *Oliver*	HR5255	Appro.	(5)	2-4	(6)	Passed 2-8	Appro.	(8)	1-22	Minor	Passed S-3-13 2-25	H-3-18	3-22
WAR DEPT. APPROPRIA. *Parks*	HR5913	Appro.	(7)	2-19	Minor	Passed 2-22	Appro.	(9)	3-1	(10)	Passed S-3-26 3-8	H-3-29	4-9
DEFICIENCY APPROPRIA. *Buchanan*	HR6644	Appro.	(10)	3-12	Minor	Passed 3-13	Appro.	(11)	3-18	(11)	Passed S-3-20 3-19	H-3-20	3-21
INTERIOR APPROPRIA. *Taylor*	HR6223	Appro.	(8)	2-27	(9)	Passed 3-1	Appro.	(15)	4-15	(15)	Passed S-5-1 4-16	H-4-30	5-9
AGRICULTURE APPROPRIA. *Sandlin*	HR6718	Appro.	(11)	3-14	Minor	Passed 3-15	Appro.	(12)	3-27	Minor	Passed S-5-10 3-29	H-4-15	5-17
NAVY DEPT. APPROPRIA. *Cary*	HR7672	Appro.	(16)	4-23	Minor	Passed 4-26	Appro.	(18)	5-9	Minor	Passed S-6-21 5-24	H-6-21	6-24
LEGISLATIVE APPROPRIA. *Ludlow*	HR8021	Appro.	(19)	5-13	Minor	Passed 5-17	Appro.	Minor	5-29	Minor	Passed S-7-2 5-31	H-7-2	7-8
2d DEFICIENCY APPROPRIA. *Buchanan*	HR8554	Appro.	(24)	6-19	Minor	Passed 6-21	Appro.	Minor	7-15	Minor	Passed S-8-5 5-24	H-8-7	....
4-BILLION RELIEF *Buchanan*	HJR117	Appro.	(3)	1-23	(3)	Passed 1-24	Appro.	(6)	2-14	(12)	Passed S-4-5 3-23	H-4-5	4-8
SOCIAL INSURANCE *Doughton*	HR7260	W. & M.	(14)	4-5	(15)	Passed 4-19	Fin.	(20)	5-20	(24)	Passed 6-19	(a)	
HOME LOAN *Steagall*	HR6021	Bank'g	(9)	2-21	(10)	Passed 3-12	Bank'g	(14)	4-9	Minor	Passed S-5-21 4-12	H-5-20	5-28
FARM CREDIT *Fletcher*	S1384	Agri.	Minor	2-18	(19)	Passed 5-10	Bank'g	(4)	1-29	(6)	Passed S-5-23 2-11	H-5-22	6-3
FOOD, DRUG *Copeland*	S5	I.C.	(28)	....	....	....	Comm.	(6)	3-22	(21)	Passed 5-28	....	
HOLDING CO'S. *Wheeler*	S2796	I.C.	(25)	6-24	(26)	Passed 7-2	I.C.	(19)	5-14	(23)	Passed 6-11	....	
AAA AMEND. *Jones*	HR8492	Agri.	None	6-15	Minor	Passed 6-18	Agri.	(26)	7-3	(29)	Passed 7-23	....	
INCOME-TAX PUBLICITY *Doughton*	HR6359	W. & M.	None	3-7	None	Passed 3-11	Fin.	None	3-13	Minor	Passed S-4-11 3-28	H-4-11	4-19
RIVERS AND HARBORS *Mansfield*	HR6732	R. & H.	Minor	3-18	Minor	Passed 4-9	Comm.	(24)	6-17	Minor	Passed 6-27	....	
NRA EXTENSION *Clark*	SJR113	W. & M.	(22)	6-6	None	Passed 6-7	Fin.	None	5-2	None	Passed 5-14	None	6-14
AIR-MAIL SERVICE *Mead*	HR6511	P.O.	(12)	3-9	(12)	Passed 3-25	P.O.	(20)	5-23	(25)	Passed S-8-6 6-25	H-8-7	....
WAR PROFITS *McSwain*	HR5529	M.A.	(14)	2-12	(14)	Passed 4-9	(14)	(18)	(24)	....	....	....	....
Pope	S2998	.....	....	....	....	....	F.R.	....	....	....	....	....	....
FARM-TENANT *Bankhead*	S2367	Agri.	....	....	....	....	Agri.	(15)	4-11	(24)	Passed 6-24	....	
BANKING *Steagall*	HR7617	Bank'g	(16)	4-19	(18)	Passed 5-9	Bank'g	(26)	7-2	(a)	Passed 7-26	....	
DEPOSIT INS. *Glass*	SJRes152	Bank'g	(25)	6-27	None	Passed 6-27	Bank'g	None	6-25	None	Passed 6-25	(25)	6-28
LABOR BOARD *Wagner*	S1958	Labor	(20)	5-21	(24)	Passed 6-19	Labor	(18)	5-2	Minor	Passed S-6-27 5-16	H-6-27	7-5
COMMODITY EXCHANGE *Jones*	HR6772	Agri.	None	3-18	None	Passed 6-3	Agri.	....	....	....	....	....	
TRANSPORT *Wheeler Bus. Truck*	S1629	I.C.	Minor	7-24	Minor	Passed 8-1	I.C.	(15)	4-12	(15)	Passed 4-16	None	
Coordinator	SJRes112	I.C.	(24)	(24)	None	Passed 6-14	I.C.	Minor	5-7	None	Passed 6-10	None	6-14
TAX EXTEN. *Doughton*	HJRes324	W. & M.	None	6-14	None	Passed 6-17	Fin.	(24)	6-20	None	Passed S-6-27 6-26	H-6-27	6-28
NEW TAXES *Doughton*	HR8974	W. & M.	None	7-30	(b)	Passed 8-5	Fin.	....	....	....	....	....	
GOLD SUITS *Steagall*	HJRes348	Bank'g	None	7-12	None	Passed 7-18	Bank'g	(b)	7-31	None	Passed 8-8	....	
TVA AMEND. *McSwain*	HR8632	M.A.	None	6-26	(27)	Passed 7-11	.....	.....	.....	.....	Passed	....	
Norris	S2357	M.A.	....	....	....	....	Agri.	Minor	4-11	Minor	5-14	....	
LIQUOR *Cullen*	HR8870	W. & M.	(28)	6-17	Minor	Passed 7-24	Fin.	....	....	....	....	....	

(a) The conference committees of the House and Senate on the Social-Security Bill agreed to eliminate the so-called Clark amendment providing for private pension plans.

(b) The House amended the tax-bill to provide tax-exemption for moneys turned over by corporations for charitable purposes.

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The Literary Digest
for August 17, 1935
SECOND EDITION
VOLUME 120
NUMBER 7 WHOLE NO. 2365
Published at 354-360 Fourth Avenue New York

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Information for Subscribers

TERMS: $4.00 a year, in advance; $2.00 six months; 10 cents a copy; Canada, $6.00 a year; $3.00 six months; 15 cents a copy; other foreign countries, $5.00 a year.

Semiannual indexes will be sent free to subscribers who apply for them.

Instructions for *renewal*, *discontinuance* or *change of address* should be sent two weeks before the date they are to go into effect. Both old and new addresses must always be given.

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Current Events

August 5.—New York negro porter and wife keep $100,000 gems she found in store for four years in fear of arrest.

E. P. Cramer loses job at Thomas A. Edison, Inc., for advising "whispering" campaign against Roosevelt.

Paul Kress, denied masseur's license in New York, announces he will return to Germany to run laundry.

California rejects proposal to release Tom Mooney on $1,000,000 bail so he can aid habeas corpus fight in East.

Secretary Hull expresses regret to Japan over magazine-sketch caricature.

Veterans of Foreign Wars forbids boys' band sponsored by the Warren, Ohio, post to tour Germany.

Frank H. Hitchcock, ex-Postmaster General, and former Republican National Committee Chairman, dies in Tucson.

August 6.—Industrialists give away millions in securities, much of it following Roosevelt's message asking for inheritance and increase estate and income taxes.

Two Pacific Coast marine-unions break away from "united front" planning general strike in September.

Proposal for a $32,000,000 elevated airport at the end of the Holland Tunnel is presented to Jersey City.

Large areas of Western Wisconsin and Southeastern Minnesota are flooded by streams swollen by torrential rains.

Washington reveals that 550,000 persons are employed on work-relief jobs.

Charles L. Craig, former New York City Comptroller, dies in Sacramento.

August 7.—United States park-rangers make brilliant rescue of man and girl marooned on Yosemite Park ledge.

Senate passes a revised copyright bill, under which foreign writers must print their works in this country.

The *Quincy*, the Navy's newest cruiser, is swept by fire in dock at Quincy, Massachusetts, on the eve of trial-run.

Percy A. Rockefeller, nephew of John D., left estate of $9,037,847.

W. W. Porter, former head of a number of investment houses, surrenders in Chicago on mail-fraud charge.

Four thousand World War veterans have been shipped South since last October to Florida and South Carolina camps, relief-officials announce.

August 8.—Upward sweep of Chicago hog-market sends prices soaring to $12.05 a hundredweight.

First divorce suits under liberalized law are filed in the District of Columbia.

One hundred and fifty Kansas City families, led by preacher, go off relief, start cooperative project.

Maj. Gen. Benjamin D. Foulois retires as Chief of Army Air Corps, ending dispute over his administration.

Charles E. Mitchell, New York banker, will appeal ruling making him liable to $1,100,000 in taxes and penalties.

Fatalities mark oppressive heat in mid-West, temperature hitting 119 degrees in Oklahoma.

August 9.—President orders dismissal from Army of Col. Alexander E. Williams, guilty of accepting loan from salesman seeking Army orders.

Dr. Francis E. Townsend, $200-a-month pension advocate, announces third party convention for Chicago in October.

President signs bill for first Federal regulation of country's motor-carriers.

Gov. Charles H. Martin of Oregon requires that convicts seeking pardons must agree to sterilization.

New York Mayor's inquiry committee in report blames police partly for Harlem negro riot last March.

Ohio's worst flood since 1913 passes its crisis; damage is estimated at $6,000,000.

August 10.—Stephen Simkhovitch, struggling scenarist, signs to become human icicle in scientific test.

Amelita Galli-Curci sings while surgeon cuts goiter menacing golden voice.

Washington authorities raid lottery office of Mrs. Oliver Harriman there in test-case.

Six die, twenty hurt in head-on trolley-car crash during rain-storm near Springfield, Ohio.

Pennsylvania law prohibiting discrimination against negroes and others because of race or color will become effective on September 1.

Pan American Clipper sets record in flight from California to Hawaii on way to Wake Island.

Outbreak of cholera in Illinois and Iowa threatens nation's pork-supply.

Pennsylvania bars Virginia National Guardsmen from maneuvers there owing to infantile paralysis in South.

New Jersey Assemblyman defies State sales tax by selling potatoes and refusing to collect impost.

August 11.—Graham McNamee, star radio-announcer, run down and injured by scooter at second annual Akron, Ohio, derby.

General Motors announces $50,000,000 expansion as a result of increased business during year.

Herbert Hoover, on way to New York, demands in Chicago that New Deal clarify its aims.

Prowlers in Sacramento, California, kill police chief, the third in State to lose life within a month.

The national income increased by $5,000,000,000 in 1934, a gain of 11 per cent. over 1933, Washington finds.

Three World War veterans are killed, eighteen others hurt, in bus-crash at Wallingford, Connecticut.

Miltiamen guard eleven Negroes in jail at Abbeville, South Carolina, on charge of assaulting white man.

Militant group of independent farmers organizes council to combat regimenting under the AAA.

Leo Mielziner, noted American portrait-painter, dies at sixty-five on his Cape Cod estate.

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The Spice of Life

(TITLE REGISTERED IN U. S. PATENT OFFICE)

Two More Guesses. — EXCITED YOUNG FATHER—"Quick! Tell me! Is it a boy?"

NURSE—"Well, the one in the middle is."—*Daughters of America Magazine.*

Buried. — FIRST GIRL — "Where were you on your vacation?"

SECOND GIRL (listlessly)—"No man's land." — *Buffalo Courier-Express.*

Bit by Bit.—Unseen by the referee, the all-in wrestler bit his opponent severely.

"You're biting," hissed the sufferer.

"Well," gasped his adversary, "do yer expect me to swaller yer in a lump?"—*Bystander (London).*

With a Speedy Recovery.—HEWITT—"You don't seem to think much of him."

JEWETT—"If he had his conscience taken out it would be a minor operation."—*Arcanum Bulletin.*

After You.—MANAGER (pointing to cigarette-end on floor)—"Smith, is this yours?"

SMITH (pleasantly)—"Not at all, sir. You saw it first."—*Tit-Bits (London).*

How Nice.—LADY (after tramp finished eating)—"It's merely a suggestion. The wood-pile is in the back yard."

TRAMP—"You don't say. What a splendid place for a wood-pile."—*Mangold Beacon.*

Old Wives' Tale.—A backwoods mountaineer one day found a mirror which a tourist had lost.

"Well, if it ain't my old dad," he said as he looked in the mirror. "I never knowed he had his pitcher took."

He took the mirror home and stole into the attic to hide it. But his actions didn't escape his suspicious wife. That night while he slept she slipped up to the attic and found the mirror.

"Hum-um," she said, looking into it, "so that's the old hag he's been chasin'."—*Cherokee (Kan.) Sentinel.*

Off in All Directions.—They tell about a very ordinary sort of fellow who got suddenly rich by striking oil, and who got awfully swell-headed and bigoty about himself, always trying to impress those with whom he came in contact with his great importance.

One day he rushed into the railway station, laid a twenty-dollar bill down at the ticket-seller's window, and said:

"Gimme a ticket."

"Where to?" asked the ticket-agent.

"Anywhere. It doesn't make no difference," said the newly rich guy. "I got business all over."—*Gulf Coast Lumberman.*

"I Thought it Was a Mirage"

—Everybody's Weekly *(London)*

Happy Landing.—Four good fellows, old friends, met after long years in an Irish provincial town. They visited an inn and had several drinks. Then all four left for the railway station. On arrival at the train, three of the four got in and the train pulled out, leaving the fourth fellow standing on the platform, laughing until he was weak.

STATION MASTER—"What the devil are you laughing at?"

FOURTH FELLOW—"Shure, they were supposed to be seeing ME off."—*Wall Street Journal.*

Choice.—DINER—"This meat is so tough I can hardly chew it. Hasn't a man any choice here?"

WAITER—"Sure! You can take it or leave it."—*Ottawa Citizen.*

Risky.—LADY—"You would stand more chance of getting a job if you would shave and make yourself more presentable."

TRAMP—"Yes, lady. I found that out years ago."—*Smith's Weekly.*

Here and There. — NEW BOARDER—"By gosh, this is excellent hash. What's your recipe for making it?"

LANDLADY — "I have no recipe. It just accumulates."—*Florida Times-Union.*

Recipe. — STAGE MANAGER (discussing chorus-girl who has been given a small singing part)—"Well, what do you think of her?"

PRODUCER—"A peach—but no Melba."—*Sporting & Dramatic.*

On the Spot.—OFFICE-BOY (nervously)—"Please, sir, I think you're wanted on the 'phone."

EMPLOYER—"You think! What's the good of thinking?"

"Well, sir, the voice at the other end said, 'Hello, is that you, you old idiot!' "—*Atlanta Constitution.*

Slips That Pass in the Night

Racket.—Death was caused by whooping parents.—*Lafayette (Ind.) paper.*

Sorry, Ours Are Spotty.—
WANTED—Clean white rage, at ———
Press. — *Advertisement in Waterloo (Iowa) paper.*

Rumor. — Fort Bragg, located near Fayetteville, N. C., is said to be the largest distillery post in the United States.—*Detroit paper.*

Come There—Chin Up.—
300 ACRES—PARTLY CUT OVER PART
old farm. No buildings. Side road. Hunting. Absolutely worthless. Price $600.
—*Advertisement in Bangor (Me.) paper.*

And You, And You.—
"WATER—Water everywhere, and not a
drop to drink." Nerts to you. E. B. Brown, water well driller.—*Advertisement in Asbury Park paper.*

The Woods Are Full of Them.—
BUILDER wishes to purchase old vacant
taxpayers. Write Linsky, 609 6th Ave.
—*Advertisement in New York paper.*

Happiness Boy.—Anthony J. Drexel Biddle, Jr., prominent bluebird of Philadelphia, was nominated to-day by President Roosevelt to be minister to Norway.
—*Memphis paper.*

How About Some Black Coffee? — Liqhor kills manood, slahghs off decenry, prostithes genihs and mhrders everfthing that is noble, grand and beautiful in life.—*Smithfield (N. C.) paper.*

No Illusions.—
BUDDY BAER TO MARRY,
FIGHT TWO YEARS FOR
A BANKROLL, THEN QUIT
—*Head-line in St. Louis paper.*

Pro and Con.—Taken from the water, ——— was found to have suffered a broken leg and severe burns, and hospital attendants said his condition was critical. Firemen said he undoubtedly perished.—*Baltimore paper.*

Hired!—
REFINED Christian woman uneneumbered
with excellent college training desires job as companion to lady.—*Advertisement in Macon (Ga.) paper.*

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How I Improved My Memory In One Evening

The Amazing Experience of Victor Jones

"Of *course* I place you! Mr. Addison Sims of Seattle.

"If I remember correctly—and I *do* remember correctly—Mr. Burroughs, the lumberman, introduced me to you at the luncheon of the Seattle Rotary Club three years ago in May. This is a pleasure indeed! I haven't laid eyes on you since that day. How is the grain business? How did that merger work out?"

The assurance of this speaker—in the crowded corridor of the Hotel St. Regis—compelled me to look at him, though it is not my habit to "listen in" even in a hotel lobby.

"He is David M. Roth, the most famous memory expert in the United States," said my friend Kennedy, answering my question before I could get it out. "He will show you a lot more wonderful things than that, before the evening is over."

And he did.

As we went into the banquet room the toastmaster was introducing a long line of the guests to Mr. Roth. I got in line and when it came my turn, Mr. Roth asked, "What are your initials, Mr. Jones, and your business connection and telephone number?" Why he asked this, I learned later, when he picked out from the crowd the 60 men he had met two hours before and called each by name without a mistake. What is more, he named each man's business and telephone number.

I won't tell you all the other amazing things this man did except to tell how he called back, without a minute's hesitation, long lists of numbers, bank clearings, prices, parcel post rates and anything else the guests gave him in rapid order.

*****

When I met Mr. Roth—which you may be sure I did the first chance I got—he rather bowled me over by saying, in his quiet, modest way:

"There is nothing miraculous about my remembering anything I want to remember, whether it be names, faces, figures, facts, or something I have read.

"*You can do this as easily as I do.* Anyone with an average mind can learn quickly to do exactly the same things which seem so miraculous when I do them.

"My own memory," continued Mr. Roth, "was originally very faulty. Yes it was—a really *poor* memory. On meeting a man I would lose his name in thirty seconds, while now there are probably 10,000 men and women in the United States, many of whom I have met but once, whose names I can call instantly on meeting them."

"That is all right for you, Mr. Roth," I interrupted, "you have given years to it. But how about me?"

"Mr. Jones," he replied, "I can teach you the secret of a good memory in one evening. This is not a guess, because I have done it with thousands of pupils. In the first of seven simple lessons which I have prepared for home study, I show you the basic principle of my whole system and you will find it—not hard work as you might fear—but just like playing a fascinating game. I will prove it to you."

He didn't have to. His Course did; I got it the next day from his publishers.

When I tackled the first lesson, I suppose I was the most surprised man in forty-eight States to find that I had learned—in about one hour—how to remember a list of one hundred words so that I could call them off forward and back without a single mistake.

That lesson *stuck*. So did the other six.

Read this letter from one of the most famous trial lawyers in New York:

> "May I take occasion to state that I regard your service in giving this system to the world as a public benefaction. The wonderful simplicity of the method, and the ease with which its principles may be acquired, especially appeal to me. I may add that I already had occasion to test the effectiveness of the first two lessons in the preparation for trial of an important action in which I am about to engage."

This man didn't put it a bit too strong.

The Roth Course is priceless! I can *count* on my memory now. I can call the name of any man I have met before—and I keep getting better. I can remember any figures I wish to remember. Telephone numbers come to mind instantly, once I have filed them by Mr. Roth's easy method.

The old fear of forgetting has vanished. I used to be "scared stiff" on my feet—because I wasn't *sure*. I couldn't remember what I wanted to say.

Now I am sure of myself, confident, and "easy as an old shoe" when I get on my feet at the club, at a banquet, in a business meeting, or in any social gathering.

The most enjoyable part of it all is that I am now a good conversationalist—and I used to be as silent as a sphinx when I got into a crowd of people who knew things.

Now I can call up like a flash of lightning most any fact I want right at the instant I need it most. I used to think a "hair trigger" memory belonged only to the prodigy and genius. Now I see that every man of us has that kind of a memory if he knows how to make it work.

I tell you it is a wonderful thing, after groping around in the dark for so many years to be able to switch the big searchlight on your mind and see instantly everything you want to remember.

This Roth Course will do wonders in your office.

Since we took it up you never hear anyone in *our* office say "I guess" or "I think it was about so much" or "I forget that right now" or "I can't remember" or "I must look up his name." Now they are right there with the answer—like a shot.

Here is just a bit from a letter of a well-known sales manager up in Montreal:

> "Here is the whole thing in a nutshell: Mr. Roth has a most remarkable Memory Course. It is simple, and easy as falling off a log. Anyone—I don't care who he is—can improve his Memory 100% in a week and 1000% in six months."

My advice to you is don't wait another minute. Send for Mr. Roth's amazing course and see what a wonderful memory you have got. Your dividends in *increased power* will be enormous.

VICTOR JONES.

Send No Money

So confident are the publishers of the Roth Memory Course that you will be amazed to see how easy it is to double, yes triple, your memory power in few short hours, that they are willing to send the course on this liberal approval offer:

Don't send any money; merely mail the coupon. When the complete course is handed to you, pay the postman only $1.95, plus few cents postage charges. But if you are not entirely satisfied, send it back any time within five days and your $1.95 will be refunded in full.

We believe you will be as pleased as are the thousands of other men and women who have used the course. You take no risk and you have everything to gain, so mail coupon now before this "5-day approval" offer is withdrawn. Walter J. Black, Inc., Dept. 48, 2 Park Ave., New York.

FREE EXAMINATION COUPON

WALTER J. BLACK, Inc., Dept. 48
2 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please send me, in a plain container, the Roth Memory Course of seven lessons. When course is delivered to me, I will pay the postman only $1.95, plus few cents postage charges. If I care to, I may remail the course to you within five days, and you agree to refund my $1.95 at once.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

.....

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